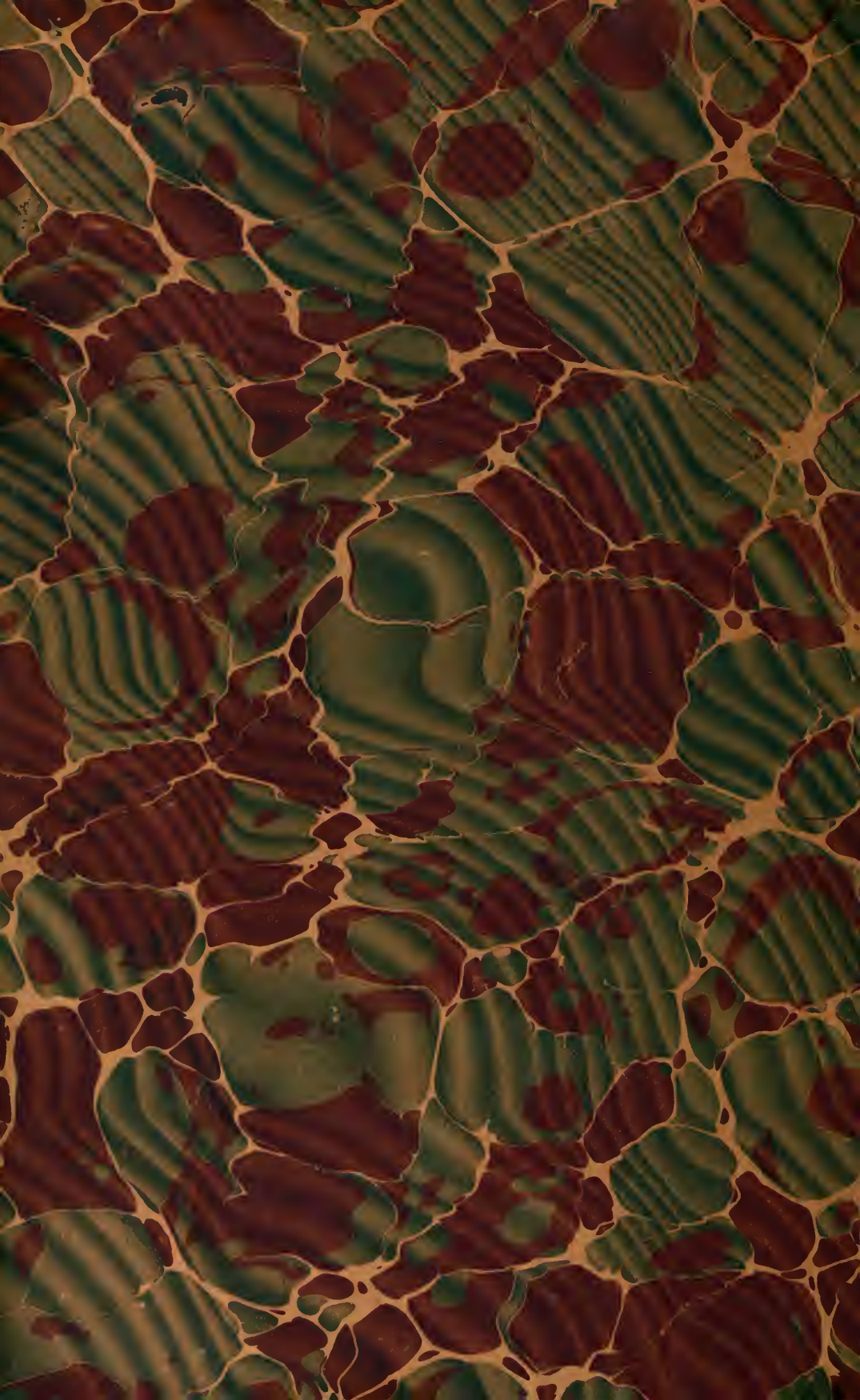
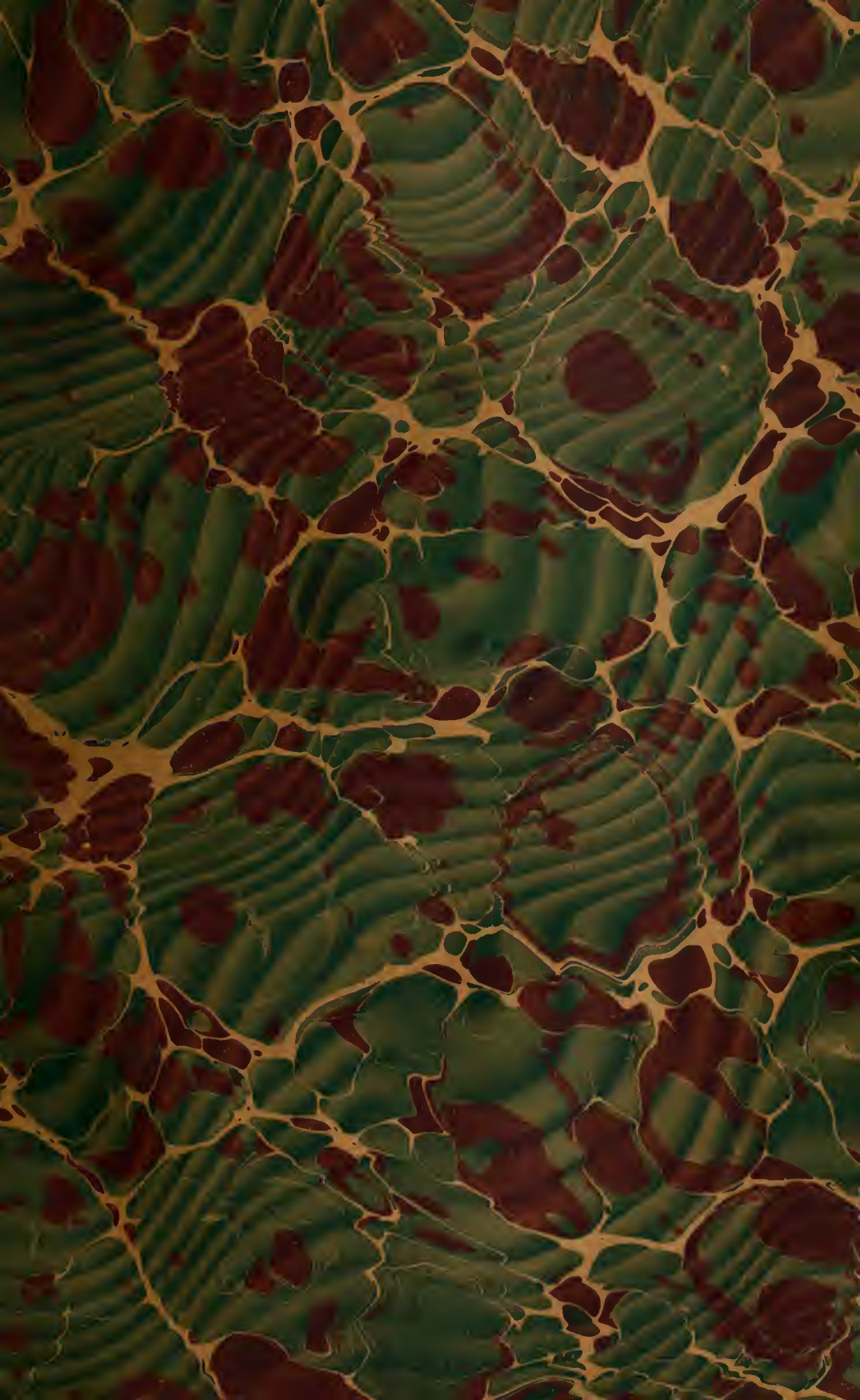


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THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES

*With Illustrations from Photographs
By the Author*

REPRODUCED FROM



COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. II



NEW YORK, N. Y.
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1903



MONT SAINT-MICHEL.

THE
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VOL. II



BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN
THE LITTLE-PRESTON COMPANY, LIMITED

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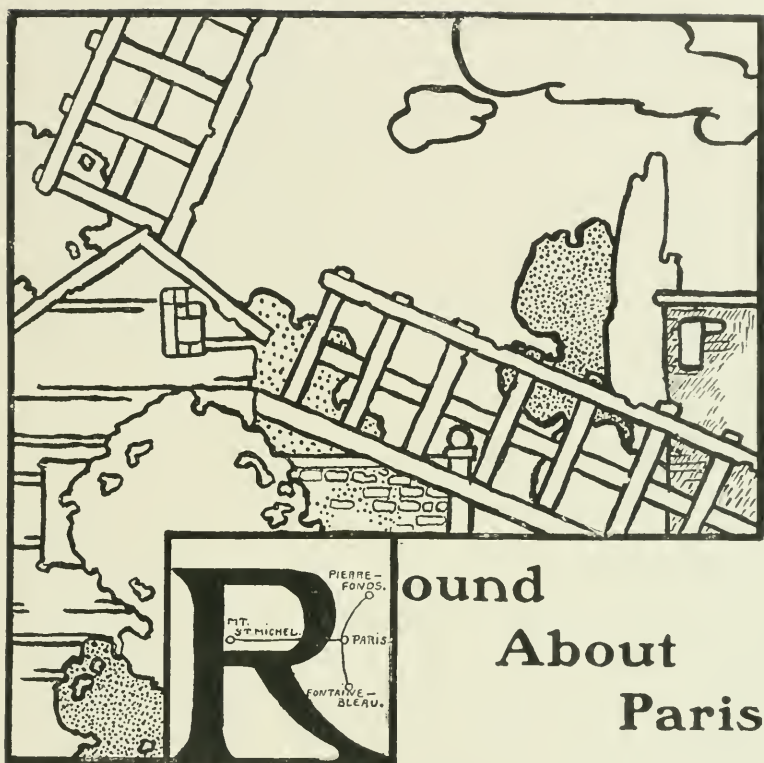
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ROUND ABOUT PARIS



ound About Paris

OF ALL European capitals perhaps Paris is the one best known to Americans. Every one has heard the saying that "good Americans when they die go to Paris," but fewer have heard the flippant remark of one of our younger wits, that "the bad ones get there while they are alive!" Whoever celebrates the famous things of Paris cannot but repeat what has been said a thousand times in praise of her museums and her monuments, her treasures of art, her incomparable avenues, and her splendid decorative spaces. Therefore in our ramble about the city we shall not seek the celebrated

sites familiar even to those who have never been in Paris, but instead we shall turn aside from the imposing thoroughfares into the byways of the city. We pass the portals of palaces and galleries to enter quaint cafés or *cabarets*; we are to seek, not the beautiful and the artistic, but rather the queer

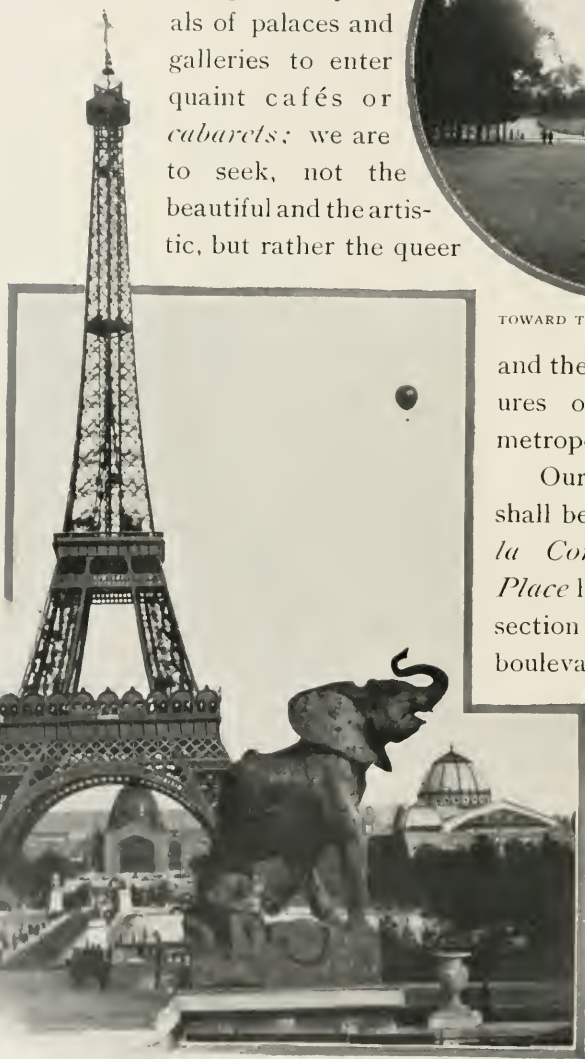
als of palaces and galleries to enter quaint cafés or *cabarets*; we are to seek, not the beautiful and the artistic, but rather the queer



TOWARD THE OBELISK AND THE ARCH

and the eccentric features of the French metropolis.

Our starting-point shall be the *Place de la Concorde*. The *Place* lies at the intersection of the grand boulevards, *Champs-Élysées*, *Rue de Rivoli*, and the *quais* along the river. In the distance rises the Eiffel Tower. Like a steel needle, it pierces the



IN 1890

downy summer clouds, a frail connecting link between earth and heaven, a ladder by which angels might descend to this earthly paradise. Who can resist the charm of Paris? I confess that I cannot. To me it is a pleasure simply to be in Paris. I can sympathize with the feelings of Du Maurier's hero, "Little Billee," with his joy at being "in the very midst of Paris, to live there, and learn there, as long as he liked." With

every recurring visit, I find that, like him, I gaze on it with a sense of novelty, an interest and a pleasure for which I can find no expression in words. Like Du Maurier, I, too, exclaim, "Paris, Paris, Paris! The very name has been one to conjure with, whether we



THE PLACE OF PEACE

think of it as a mere sound on the lips and in the ear, or as a magical written or printed word for the eye." We may, it is true, look askance at the people as typified by the Parisians of the cafés and the boulevards; we may be repelled by many sights and sounds, by many of the customs, habits, vices of the French; but Paris, the city itself, is dear to us because of the subtle sympathetic charm which it possesses. The life of Paris is a continuous performance in which the actors, trained in comedy and farce, are now and then tempted to make essay in tragic rôles.



THE TERRACE OF THE TUILERIES

But even in the tragedies of Paris there is always the discordant note, an echo of the farce. What more appalling spectacle than Paris grinning through the Reign of Terror, of its mobs laughing at the horrors enacted here upon this very stage now named the Place of Peace! Who is not familiar with the features of this square? Here is the silent Egyptian obelisk, a sister shaft to those which rise in New York, in Rome, and in London,—all three compelling our thoughts to that far-distant but inevitable day when the abandoned sites of cities now great shall be as drear and silent as the sands which mark the place where in pride of life stood Luxor, thousands of years ago.



STRASBURG

The boisterous fountains strive, vainly or successfully, according to our mood, to teach forgetfulness of the inevitable, and seem to sing that Paris, having been, will ever be. Around the squares, in statuesque impressiveness, sit the heroic figures representing eight great cities of the French Republic. With calm, almost contemptuous mien they look



FRANCE CANNOT FORGET

down on the pomp
and gaiety of the envied
capital. But Paris regards with indifference all
save one—the one that represents the captive sister, Stras-
burg. To her each year the various societies whose mission
it is to nurse the lusty patriotism of the French, bring
mourning-wreaths and funeral-offerings, and with these deck
the monument in memoriam of the great loss of Alsace and

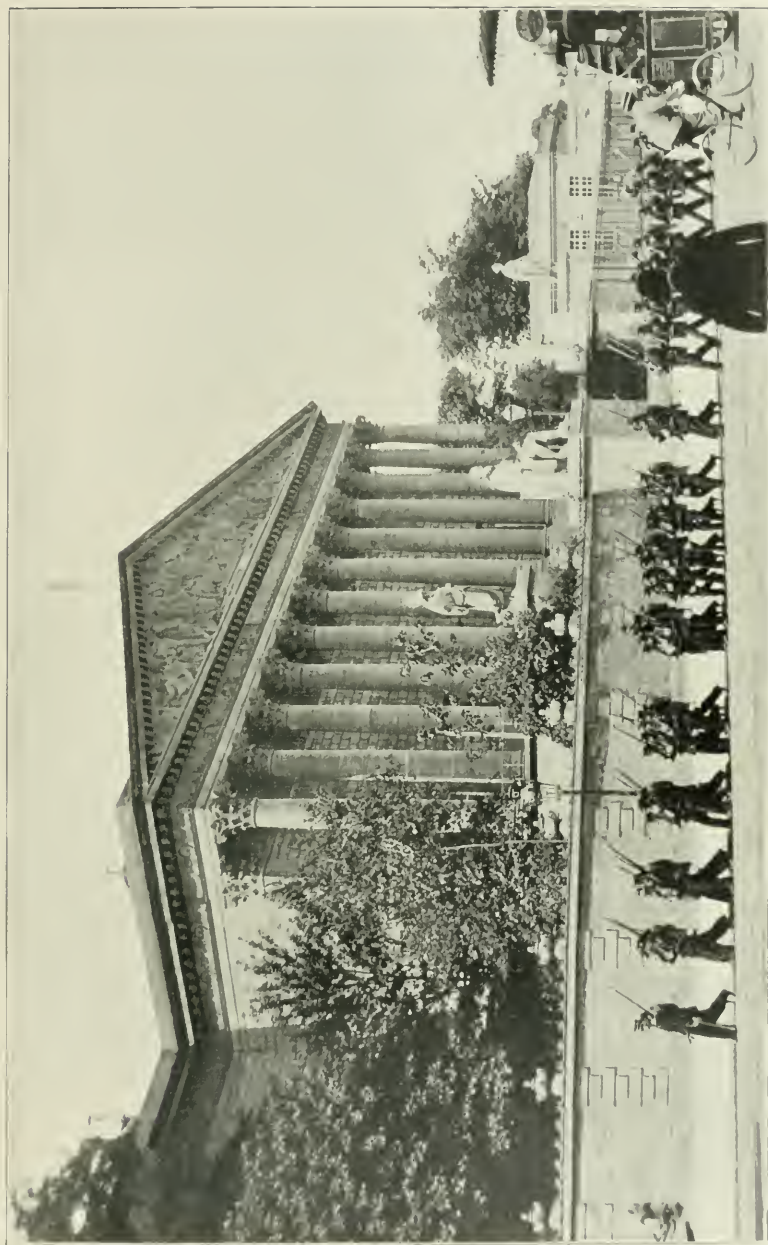
Lorraine, in proof of the oft-voiced and bitter cry that France will not, cannot forget.

Frequently in early morning I crossed this square, bound for a cycling spin in the *Bois de Boulogne*. No lumbering sprinkling-cart here turns to anger the joy of the blithesome cyclist, yet the Parisian substitute is quite as effective in rendering pavements slippery. An employ   in uniform calmly promenades about the square, dragging in his wake what



EARLY SPRINKLING

appears to be a many-sectioned snake on roller-skates, a tubular reptile that writhes across the street laying the dust of Paris with its hissing breath and barring all wheel traffic as effectually as if it were a wall of stone. The man in charge serenely transforms the perfect, cleanly pavement into a shallow lake ; cab horses slip and fall ; cyclists dismount in despair ; but still the sprinkler sprinkles, for the dust of Paris must be laid before the fashionable dining-hour.



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

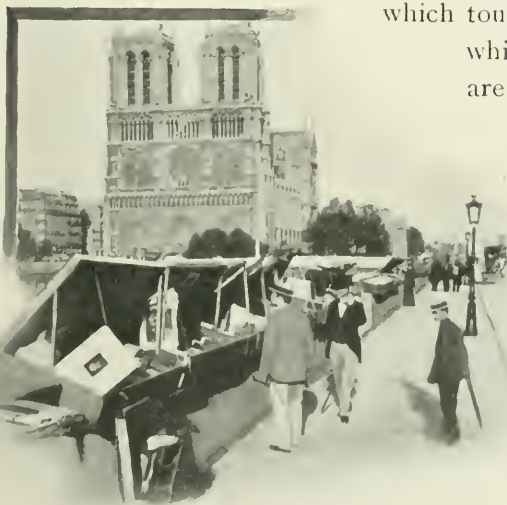


But
let us begin
our wander-
ings. Cross-
ing the river,
we loiter along the
shaded quai. We

A BOOKSTORE TWO MILES LONG

have resolved that we are not here in Paris to
visit one by one the things which Bædeker has marked with
double stars in his red books — those useful little guides
which tourists feign to despise
while knowing that they
are invaluable. Rather

are we here as
returned travel-
ers ; and, know-
ing our Paris,
we are at liberty
to turn aside
from the
grand aven-
ues and the





GOING TO FIRST COMMUNION

famous monuments to seek other things, less beautiful perhaps, but also less familiar. We may spend delightful hours at the book-stalls on the quais where an outdoor bookshop, two miles or more in length, stretches from the Chamber of Deputies to the Church of Notre Dame. Many a youth in the course of daily wanderings along the quai, dipping in dusty tomes and thumbing portfolios of prints, has absorbed, almost unconsciously, a liberal education, paying for it no more than the idler pays for an aimless ramble. This is a



LE MUSÉE CLUNY

public library, not only free but most accessible, where he who walks may read. The dealers lease sections of the parapet at so much per metre. A second-hand book usually begins its experience in the aristocratic five-franc box; then, as time passes and it is not sold, it begins a series of eastward migrations, finding itself with each succeeding change of residence among volumes rated at more modest prices.



EVOLUTION OF A NEW AVENUE

At last the two-sous box is reached, the ultimate abiding-place of richly bound tomes on theology and by-gone history; while Zola, Daudet, and De Maupassant rarely get below the two-franc box before their tattered yellow-paper covers attract some willing purchaser.

Old Paris now and then peers out upon its modern self on this historic left bank of the Seine. Nowhere does it more boldly show its noble, timeworn, restful face than in the narrow street where the structure raised by the old monks of Cluny welcomes the traveler to its open door. Within is

a museum which tells of the past, of mediæval times, or of antiquity. Upon this site the Romans built a palace sixteen centuries ago ; here, in the year 360, the Roman legionaries made an emperor of Julian ; here was the early seat of Frankish Monarchy, when Paris was but a walled island in the river, and the teeming Latin Quarter of to-day was a green countryside, its only houses being dwelling-places of monks and kings.



THE "BOWERY" OF PARIS



PREPARATIONS FOR THE FÊTE

While lingering here we may witness a pretty parade of innocence. Like a sweet passing vision of the days that were, a procession of little girls flit swiftly by. Their robes are as white as their souls, their veils are fluttering as softly as their little hearts, for to them this is the day of days, the day of the "First Communion." Behind them two women, black-robed and serene, scarcely relieved against the high somber wall, are treading in shadow; but where the white slippers of light-footed maidenhood touch the rough street, there the sunshine has turned all the pavement to gold.

From these peaceful side-streets, brooding places of the spirits of dead years and centuries, we may turn into wider, busy streets, where Old Paris, like an ancient belle, strives by the aid of paint and ribbons to make herself look young again—with the same sad result that always follows an attempt to masquerade before the world. Paris shows her wrinkles in spite of daubed façades and the multi-colored



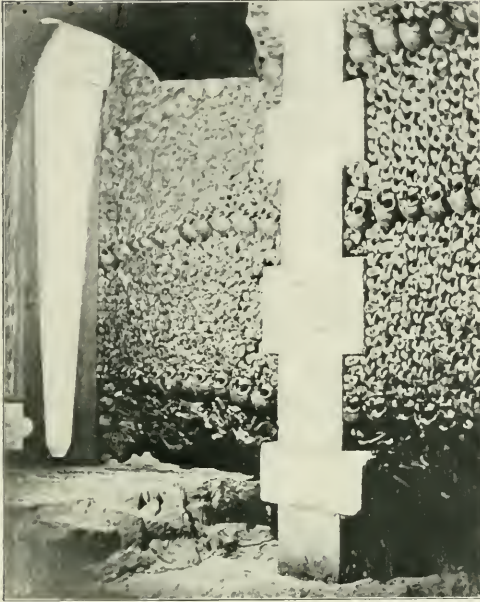
IN THE SEWERS

awnings. This tawdriness grates upon the senses of those who expected to find all the streets of Paris as stately and refined in aspect as the *Rue de la Paix* and the *Avenue de l'Opéra*. But the creation of elegant new avenues, pierced in grand, straight lines right through the labyrinth of the Paris of the olden times still goes on ; the demolishing fury let loose by Baron Haussmann

under Napoleon III half a century ago has not yet spent its force. The condemnation of property, demolition of old musty buildings, and opening of fine new streets proceeds uninterruptedly. A few years more, and all the scars resulting from operations of this nature will be concealed behind long rows of uniform apartment buildings with monotonous façades and grace-



BARTHOLOMI'S LION



THE CATACOMBS

ful balconies. But the work of Paris is not always done for display. Far underground, unseen, unnoted, vast schemes for the welfare of the city are being carried forward to completion. Though the comparison may seem a profanation, a visit to the sewers of Paris has almost a Venetian charm. We glide in boats between dark walls;

the air we breathe is not more heavy than that of the narrower waterways of Venice; the cool dampness and the mysterious darkness of the place, the flare of torches, and the sound of flowing waters, help the imagination to transform the tunnel-walls into foundations of old palaces. There are seven hundred miles of those dim



OSSEOUS WALLS

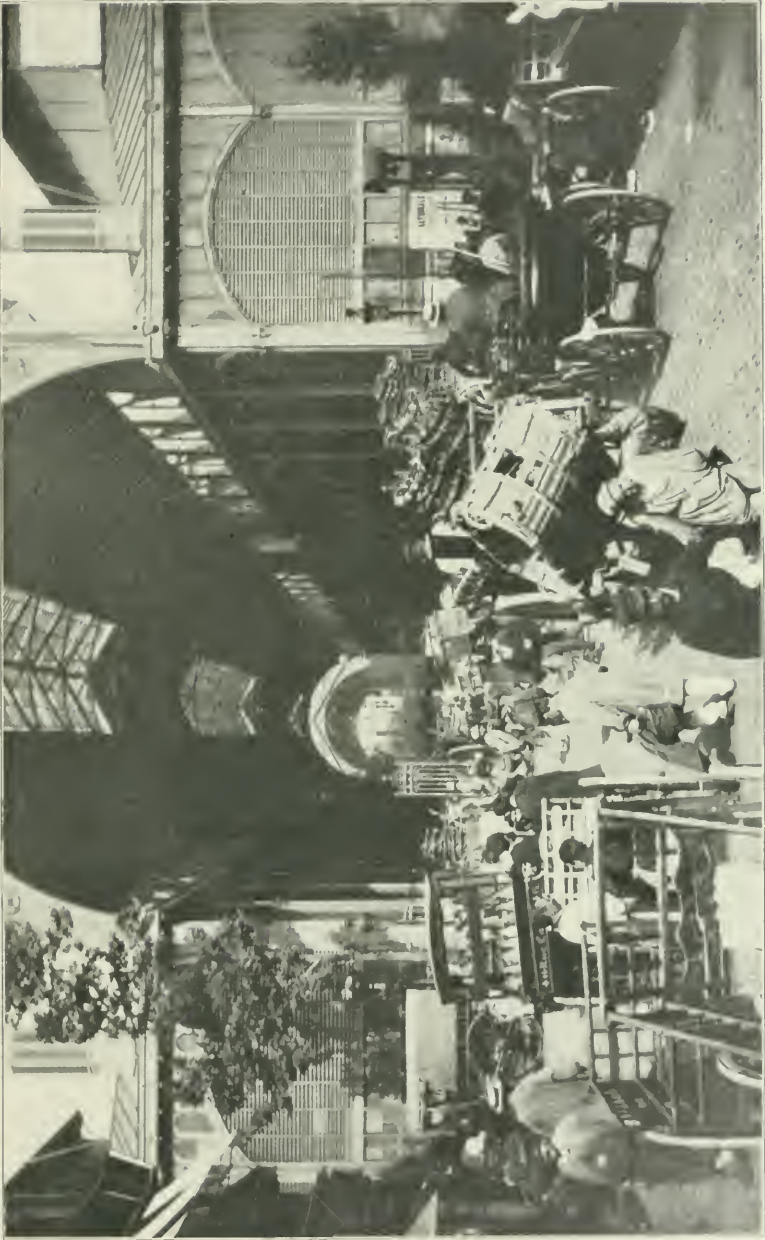
corridors, curving and meeting beneath the streets of Paris. Those swift, invisible canals, if connected end to end, would form a waterway so long that on it we could perform in the boats a journey as long as from the Palace of the Louvre by the Seine to the Doge's Palace by the Adriatic.

A visit to the sewers will suggest another and more grew-some subterranean excursion,—a visit to the Catacombs of Paris. Not far from the challenging presence of the noble



A SEA OF EDIBLES

lion of Bartholdi, a monument dedicated to the idea of National Defense, we find the gateway of an unseen city of the dead, vaster and more populous than any of the catacombs of Italy. Originally limestone-quarries dating from the Roman days, these Catacombs received the bones disinterred from old cemeteries in 1786. Then, when the Reign of Terror came, it hid the bodies of its victims in this same labyrinth of death. Later, by order of Napoleon, the bones and skulls of nameless thousands were arranged in orderly



LES HALLES CENTRALES

embankments, so that to-day the visitor may walk for miles between unbroken walls of human bones, between interminable triple rows of skulls bereft of lower jaws. We note that not a few of the skulls exhibit evidences of a violent death, a tiny bullet-hole or a crushed frontal bone. How many bodies have contributed to the building of these ghastly walls? How many bony faces stare at him who traverses all these winding corridors of death? We are told that these name-



AFTER MARKET HOURS

less dead number at least four millions. The sleeping population of these labyrinthine quarries outnumbers, almost two to one, the waking population of the upper city.

There is an interesting quarter of Paris which is wide-awake, while all the rest of the great city sleeps its soundest sleep, during the small hours of the morning. It is what Zola calls the "stomach of Paris," the *Halles Centrales*, the largest, liveliest market in the city. The vast market-building has a floor area of more than twenty acres, and



THE ENTREPÔT DE BERCY

through it run five broad streets. Every morning in the year customers pay into the cash-drawers of the wholesale dealers about one hundred thousand dollars ; yet this is but a fraction of the daily food-bill of Paris, for the great city spends for food six hundred thousand dollars every day. Throughout the night and the early hours of the morning long rivers of produce, meat, and fish empty into the surrounding square, until at sunrise this sea of edibles overflows into the neighboring streets, and every inch of sidewalk and of pavement within a radius of half a mile is flooded four feet deep with garden-truck. Amid the waves of green the licensed porters, the famous "strong men" of the market, bearing baskets on their backs, navigate like ferry-boats between these isles of food and the retailers' wagons ranged like a row of docks around the shores of this gastronomic gulf. When the tide has reached its height, turned and ebbed away, influenced by moonlike gleams of big round silver coins, the bed of this

emptied gulf is strewn with rejected vegetables and worthless greens, a mass of refuse six inches deep and a half mile across. In an incredibly short space of time this disappears before the systematic advance of a well-drilled army of scavengers, and when the merchants or the bankers come at nine or ten o'clock to open shop or office, they find the streets of the entire quarter as clean as if no market had been held. The transformation is complete ; the kitchen-garden becomes a dignified, well-ordered business thoroughfare. Two hours later, at *déjeuner* in one of those well-managed, inexpensive, excellent hotels of Paris, we see the eggs and chops and lettuce purchased by our steward at the *Halles*, served *à la table d'hôte*, the eggs disguised in dainty, Frenchy costumes, the chops tricked out with spotless paper frills and ruffles,



AU BON MARCHÉ.

the lettuce dressed as only a Frenchman can dress it, the "all-together" perfectly delicious, thanks to the skill of one of those white-crowned and white-robed benefactors of the human race, a Paris *chef*. For who will deny the civilizing influence of the Paris chef, and who will dispute his right to bear, consistently, without shade of incongruity, the title "artist"? As for the wine served free at luncheon and dinner, it is good wine; not costly, but so good in quality that no one thinks of asking for a better. Much of it comes from the *Entrepôt de Bercy*, the principal reservoir for the drinkables of Paris. Curiously enough, in France we pay so much for a good dinner, and the wine is given us free of charge; while in America we pay so much for a little glass of firewater, and the food is given us under the charitable title of "free lunch." Turning from wet goods to dry goods, we find that in Paris "dry goods" on feminine lips translates itself "*Au Bon Marché*," literally "At the Good Market,"



NO LACK OF CABS



AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE

more properly, the place where things are sold "*au bon marché*," or at the lowest, fairest price. Because of the phenomenal development of the department-stores in our own cities the Bon Marché does not impress the American to-day as it did thirty years ago. But this is the original Big Store, the parent of our bigger stores, and therefore justly famous. Famous, too, because three generations of American mothers have spent there the hard-earned dollars of our fathers. For superhuman politeness, commend me to the clerks of this establishment. It is upon these poor unfortunates that nearly every one of our straw-hatted, shirt-waisted American girls, fearless of the consequences, essays her untried Gallic vocabulary. Yet, with a face that spells attention and respect, the Frenchman listens, and when the inevitable hesitation comes, supplies the needed word, for

from long experience he knows precisely what the foreigner wishes to say.

The cabman of Paris is the traveler's best friend and his worst enemy. There is no lack of cabs in Paris. To be convinced of this attempt to cross the Champs-Élysées at the hour when the tide sets toward the Bois. It is war to the death between the innately stolid cabby and the pedestrian, who (necessarily) is nimble. The fencing-master does



BLOOMERS

not ply his foil more skilfully than does the cabby with his shaft lunge at the breast of his sworn adversary, the man who does not ride but tries to walk, and when the cabby, like Cyrano, exclaims "*Je touche!*" his victim is — arrested on the charge of interfering with the "circulation"! In earlier days a wise old law held the jehu responsible for such hurt as was inflicted by the front wheels of his vehicle, but if it were proved that the victim died under the hind wheels of the cab, the driver was acquitted of all blame.



AT FOIS DE ROULOGNE

The summer season is not the time to visit Paris if one cares to see the rank and fashion of the capital. The gorgeous pageant of well-appointed traps that may be witnessed here in May or early June has been succeeded by an endless river of cabs filled with delighted strangers *doing* Paris to their hearts' content, and hired coaches with parties of Americans en route for Versailles or St. Cloud. No splendid turnouts, powdered lackeys, and *grandes dames*! They,



alas!

have for

the present left

this stage to play

SCHEMES FOR CATCHING SOUS

their parts at Trouville or some other fashionable resort. The annual foreign invasion has commenced. In 1870 the Prussians captured Paris; but the Americans have captured and occupied it annually ever since. And every company of the invading army brings bicycles; for the charms of cycling life in the Bois de Boulogne have been sung throughout America. The Bois is a paradise for cyclists. Certain ave-



OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND!

nues are now reserved for them, and many cafés and restaurants cater exclusively to those who ride the wheel. In Paris there are daily papers devoted to the interests of cycling, while the Touring Club, which every visiting lover of the wheel should join, is working wonders. This club is compelling railways to accept and carry wheels as baggage, and to provide proper racks for their safe transportation, simplifying the annoying formalities at every Continental custom-house, forcing the proprietors of inns and hotels in the country towns to keep their houses clean and fit for visitors of a class that did not patronize them until the advent of the wheel brought back a semblance of the old post-road days. No cyclist touring on the perfect highways of the continent can afford to be without a card of membership in the Touring Club of France. It assures him a discount of from ten to twenty-five per cent



RELIEF FOR THE FOOTSOKE

on almost everything he buys, from tire-tape to dinners at a village *table d'hôte*. Ladies also may join the club, although the constitutional clause regarding them demands that every woman shall send in with her application the written consent of her husband or of her lawful guardian. There is a notable lack of ladies'

drop-frame bicycles, for Parisiennes wear costumes that permit them to bestride the ordinary wheel. A wheeling-costume comprising a skirt would attract much attention, so generally has the knickerbocker been adopted by the French women.

A visit to the Fair in the neighboring suburb of Neuilly is a picturesque experience. The *Avenue de Neuilly* is a



THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY



ALL PARIS A BALLROOM

suburban prolongation of the Champs-Élysées. It is transformed every summer into a Gallic "Midway," an interminable fair, a place of recreation for the *bourgeoisie* of Paris and the surrounding towns. Every imaginable device for catching pennies is there in operation. The public at every turn is assailed by mountebanks, showmen, and peddlers, or tempted by the gingerbread, the waffles, or the cakes, of which vast quantities are daily consumed. Merry-go-rounds, roller-coasters, and automatic swings dispose the passerby to dizziness. The latest inventions of the day are here on exhibition, and the French pay a willing tribute to the inventive genius of the Yankee, listening with delight to the squeaking of the phonograph. We may stroll for almost two miles between unbroken ranks of side-shows, tiny circuses and canvas theaters, tents or booths of fortune-tellers and clairvoyants, and counters for the sale of food and

drink and merchandise of every conceivable variety. When footsore with much walking, relief may be had at modest cost. One franc entitles you to treatment by a "professor" of chiropody, who meantime lectures on your case to an interested if uncomprehending clinical audience. Business with him thrives best upon the eve of the National Fête of France, the 14th of July. You know

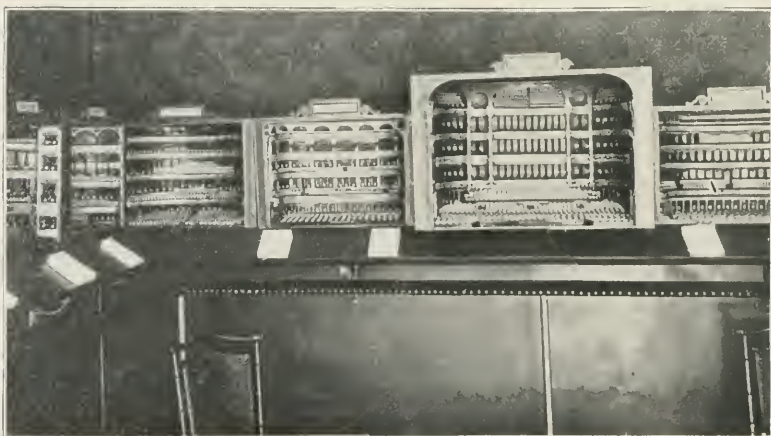


A "TOURELLE"



A GALIC TYSON

how it is celebrated—with the feet—upon the pave of Paris. From morn till morn comes round again, all Paris dances in the street. Every precinct has its local gathering where music of the most atrocious kind is furnished. The passing cabs and busses do not interrupt the dancing, but



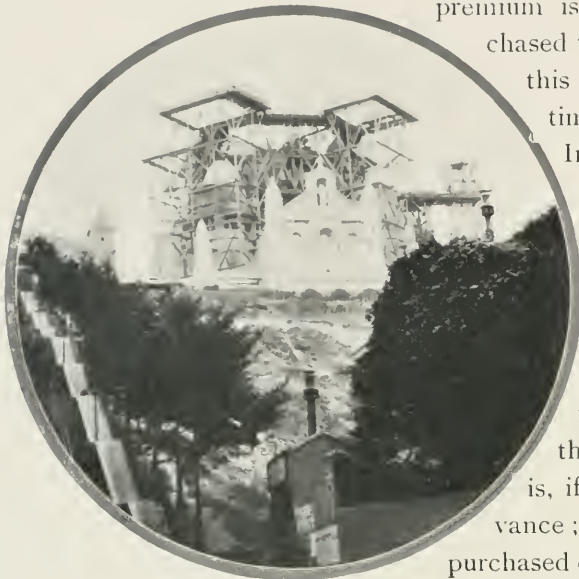
MODEL THEATERS

frequently dancers in the Latin Quarter will mob cab-drivers who attempt to force their way through the open-air ball-room. Sometimes a dozen men and women will seize the back of a Victoria, and jounce the occupants up and down so furiously that they are glad to turn about and try another street. In a comprehensive drive, during that festival night, to the many centers of celebration, we found the population dancing with equally evident enjoyment on the asphalt of broad avenues and the rough cobble-stones of narrow by-ways. The dancers were as various as the pavements.

Paris has solved the problem of the bill-board nuisance, as she has solved innumerable municipal problems, artistically and well. At frequent intervals along the better class of streets we find little "*Tourelles*," or towers, the notices on which will tell us plainly all we wish to know about the plays and players on the local stage. The theaters being scattered far and wide, we find in almost every quarter an agency for theater-tickets, a much bepostered institution. Of course a



CAFÉS CHANTANTS



THE SACRED HEART IN 1890

premium is charged on tickets purchased through the agencies, but this is compensated for by the time and the cab-fare saved.

In fact, an extra charge is made at the theater box-office if we desire to reserve seats in advance.

The "arm-chairs of the orchestra," as parquet seats are called, cost ten francs each, if we take them "*en location*," that

is, if we engage them in advance; while if the seats be

purchased on the evening of the play, the price is nine francs; but in this

latter case we receive only a card of admission to the orchestra, and are at the mercy of the old woman usher, who assigns to us such seats as may not have been "*loué*," "rented," according to her will and to the size of the fee which we bestow upon her, ostensibly in payment for the programs. In selecting seats we refer, not to a diagram, but to a little model of the auditorium. Sometimes, as I have had good cause to know, seats, which in the model appear to stand out in bold relief, are found to be located in reality behind fat posts whence one may view the stage only at the cost of a stretched and twisted neck. In summer the Parisian theaters are insufferably stuffy, whence the great popularity of those out-of-door temples of vaudeville, the "*Cafés Chantants*" of the Champs-Élysées. The "Café of the Ambassadors" is perhaps the brightest of them all. At night these cafés glow like monster creations of pyrotechnic genius, the glare from countless gas-jets

giving to the trees an unreal, stagey look. Within, people are dining on covered balconies, or sipping cordials and coffee in the parquet chairs below, while on the stage inane buffoons and talentless soubrettes kill time and harmony, and kick until the one bright star of that dim constellation rises and Yvette Guilbert appears. She sings ; we listen, wondering at the art which can make poetry of that which is not fit for the ears of innocence. The native home of the *Café Chantant* is not the fashionable Champs-Élysées, but that



THE BUTTE MONTMARTRE

Bohemian height, the Butte Montmartre, which is crowned, inappropriately enough, by the grand new Cathedral of the Sacred Heart. When completed, that splendid edifice will be the most conspicuous object in Paris, the first structure on which the traveler's gaze will rest as he approaches the French capital. Five million dollars was the estimated cost. One million has been spent on the foundations, the body of this hill having been filled with a mass of cement, probably the largest such foundation in the world. Formerly the most important building on Montmartre was the Church of



ON THE " BUTTE SACRÉE "

St. Peter, an ancient pile of which a part dates from the earliest ages of Christianity in France. It has the aspect of a ruin, and its crumbling walls would not long survive were it not for the addition of solid props and braces. The contrast between the oldest and the newest church in Paris is accentuated by their proximity; for the superb granite walls of the yet-unfinished Sacred Heart Cathedral rise not a

hundred feet distant from the sanctuary of St. Peter, which has looked down on Paris for seven hundred years and, itself unchanged, has witnessed all the marvelous transformations of that wonderfully changeful city.

Far better known than its churches are the windmills of Montmartre, and they are nearly as ancient. The two weather-beaten mills near the summit are said to date back more than six hundred years. Their days of usefulness are past, and now with idle wings they beckon idle crowds to a gaudy dance-hall. Another mill, a modern one, stands at the base of this historic hill.



THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER

It has achieved world-wide celebrity under the name of The Red Mill or *Le Moulin Rouge*. It is one of the

special landmarks of the American in Paris.

He may look blankly at you when speaking of *Musée de Cluny* or of *Carnavalet*, or even of the *Panthéon*, but when you ask him if he has seen the Moulin Rouge, he will reply, "You



SELLING SACRED SOUVENIRS

bet I have!" By day the famous ballroom serves as a cycling school, and those who have seen it only in the glare and whirl of night will scarcely recognize the place. Hither come every night scores of our compatriots, dignified family groups from our most eminently respectable circles, and hang wonderingly on the periphery of circles which, to say the least, could not be squared to transatlantic principles. But we in our hearts to low-countrymen be-



THE
SACRED HEART
IN 1900

cannot find it blame our fellow-countrymen because, being in

Paris, they pretend to do as the Parisians do, while all the time they are but looking on to see *how* it is done.

In the garden stands the grim old elephant, by day as huge and life-like as by night. The elephant is a hollow sham, hollow as the life led by the pleasure-seekers who nightly sit beneath his gaze. In fact, the elephant's interior is furnished as an Oriental



IDLE WINGS



MOULIN DE LA GALLETTE

theater, whence during the hours of the performance come sounds which conjure up vague visions of the Midway at Chicago.

By night the Moulin Rouge glows like a volcano of evil. It red-dens the sky and steepes the surrounding streets in fire. Into the blazing door the laughing crowds are swept by the ruddy



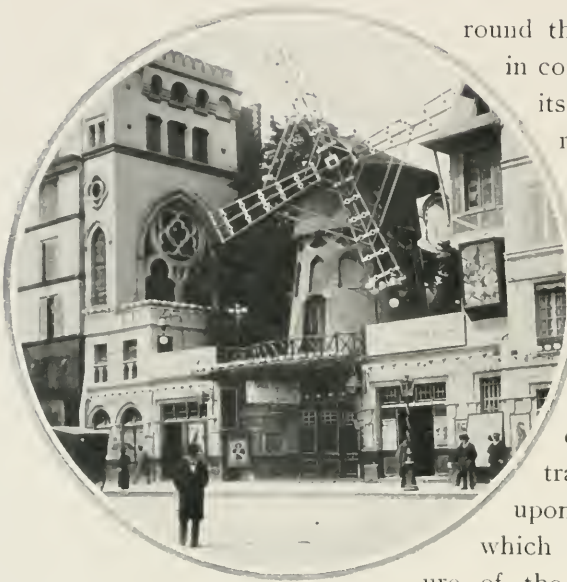
THE NEW GALLETTE



A BREEZY POSTER

blast, for the mills of the evil gods grind with hopeless rapidity. A word of explanation is demanded by the illustration* showing the Moulin illuminated. It is taken from a photograph which was made at night. The huge

* See tail-piece, page 112



LE MOULIN ROUGE

doors of the Red Mill.

In this very eccentric quarter are the curious cafés and cabarets, which have made the outer boulevards famous. The "*Cabaret des Quat-z-Arts*," the "Tavern of the Four Arts," externally is not unlike an ordinary café. Here are the same round tables on the sidewalks, and the same type of *garçon*, who from the rising of the sun to the extinguishment of the gas is ever on the

round thing, like a chafing-dish in conflagration, is a carousel, its wooden horses circling round so fast that they left no impression on the plate. The lights upon the revolving wings traced those concentric circles in the air, and the curious curved lines of light down in the street were traced by the twin lamps upon the countless cabs, which during the long exposure of the plate drove up to the



A MONSTER OF MONTMARTRE



BALL-ROOM AT THE MOULIN ROUGE

alert to supply customers with coffee, absinthe, liquors, cigars, or the inexpensive *bock*. Within, however, we find evidences of eccentricity in the mural decorations and the furniture. Sketches, water-colors, and posters adorn the lower portion of the walls; above may be seen the fantastic creations of some painter more or less famous. A large room in the rear serves at night as a concert hall, where songs are sung and verses



THE PLACE-BLANCHE



TAVERN OF
THE "FOUR ARTS"

recited by the musical and artistic celebrities of Montmartre, whose name, by the way, is legion, for there exist scores of these artistic taverns and every one boasts its corps of celebrities. These "geniuses" are curious types, ranging from the old-style long-haired Bohemian, with his flat-brimmed hat of "high form," to the more modern dandy in loud checks, straw hat, and monocle. The names of these cafés, cabarets, and restaurants are largely drawn from natural or unnatural history. There is the "Red Mule," the "Black Dog," the "Elephants," and the "Dead Rat." One is called "Paradise," the decorations being all blue and white,



THE NEW HIPPODROME

with silver clouds. There, waiters robed in white with long blonde wigs and graceful angel-wings hooked to their backs, dispense an earthly nectar brewed from hops and malt. Next door to "Paradise" is "The Inferno," where red demons serve flat beer to suffering mortals. Across the way is the "Café of Death." It is called by the French "*Le Cabaret du Neant*," "The Tavern of Nothingness." A green-glazed lantern over the door produces upon every face



AUX QUAT-Z-ARTS

a deathly pallor. The walls are hung in black, the waiters who welcome us in sepulchral tones are dressed exactly like the *croque-morts*, or assistants of local undertakers, the tables at which we sit are coffins, the cups in which the wine is served are made from human bones, hollow skulls with slots in the cranium are used as receptacles for waiters' tips, and in the corner stands a new pine coffin, bearing the cheerful legend, "Lodgings to Let Immediately!" When a visitor arrives, the waiters announce the coming of a corpse, and

then say to the astounded new arrival, "Bring in your bones and choose your coffin." And then follows the question, "What poison, M'sieu'?" Those who survive the shock of this reception are begged to look on the marvelous paintings round about them. The "Dream of the Absinthe-Drinker" is commended to our attention, and to our horror the drunkard is transformed into a horrid skeleton, round which is hovering the weird specter of *Muse Verte*, "who is the "Green Goddess," the spirit of insanity-inspiring absinthe. In turn every picture



THE DREAM
OF THE
ABSINTHE-DRINKER

in the room undergoes transformation. Groups of gay dancers at the Moulin Rouge become mere fleshless packs of bones, portraits of local celebrities fade away, and give place to hideous forms for the



GLOOMY GAIETY



"HEAVEN" AND THAT OTHER PLACE



BEFORE

graveyard. In every possible and impossible way, death is solemnly suggested and then turned to ridicule. Overhead hangs a chandelier that is unique in ghastliness.

"This work of art," announces the chief-mourner, "is composed of the bones of visiting cadavers who failed to fee the undertaker who deigned to serve them with the draughts of forgetfulness." A placard on the wall announces that the funeral-tapers, brought with every glass, lighted and placed on the lid of the coffin at which the visitor is sitting, will cost us two cents extra. Another placard requests

us in consideration of the rapid decomposition of our fleshly forms to pay for our refreshments on receiving them.

The assembled "*élus de la Mort*" are soon requested to proceed to the dungeon where, on a stage at the end of a dark and narrow corridor, we see an erect, open coffin. An old man in monkish robes asks for a volunteer to make a journey beyond the grave, it being understood that a return trip is guaranteed. A willing one having presented himself, he is placed in the coffin, and a shroud is draped about him. Then, while the sad old monk plays gloomy dirges upon an organ, the visitor in the coffin is seen slowly to decompose, the shroud dissolves, the flesh disintegrates, the very bones appear. For a moment the man retains a semblance of his former self, yet



AFTER

for a moment only ; for soon, to the horror of his relatives or his friends among the spectators, nothing remains of him save his osseous frame. After a moment of suspense the man gradually recovers all that he has lost—flesh, clothes, and shroud. The traveler returns in safety from the other



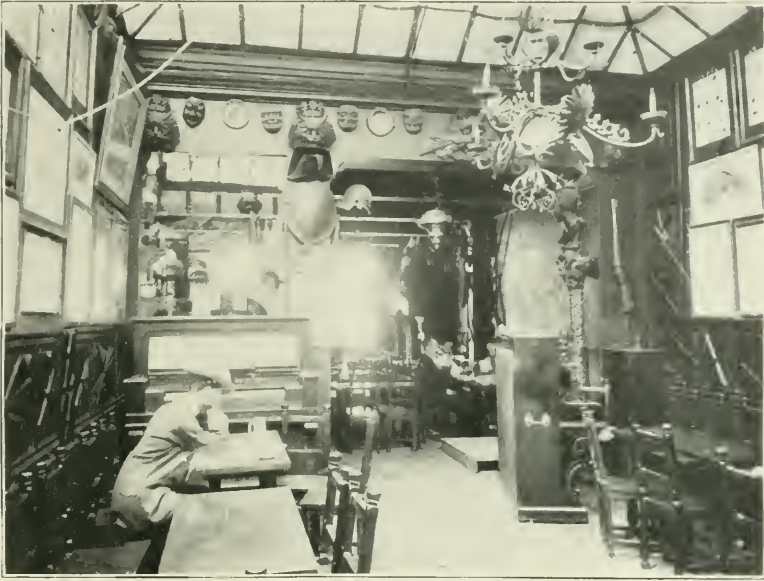
"AU CHAT NOIR"

world, but he brings no message, nor can he tell where he has been, nor how he went and came.

All this is curious enough, but it is very brutal, crude, and in-artistic ; therefore we turn with pleasure to another cabaret, in which, though originality has been forced



THE CHIMNEY-PIECE BY GRASSET



THE LAIR OF THE BLACK CAT

to the verge of the fantastic, there is a certain grace, an artistic quaintness that redeems it from vulgarity. Unfortunately, the "*Chat Noir*," the pure, original "Black Cat," is now no more. Nine lives it had, like other cats; but what are nine poor lives on this hilarious hill of Montmartre? It lived and lost them all in a few brief years,—years first of prosperity, then of decline, curtailment, and disaster. The placard to the right of the entrance exclaims: "Passerby!—pause!" Then it explains that by the will of

redeeming
from vul-
Simon-



RODOLPHE SALIS AND THE SCISSOR

destiny this edifice is dedicated to Pleasure and the Muses, and concludes with the injunction : " Passer-by !—be modern ! " Another placard tells us that we may " be modern " at no greater expense than fifty centimes for a double *bock* of Munich beer, while for the hungry there is a table d'hôte at " two-francs fifty ; " and blue posters tell of the most worthy entertainment offered in the Black Cat Theater.

Let us " be modern ; " let us enter.

By day the tavern is far less interesting than by night, when we should find the crowded tap-room resounding to the laughter and the songs of a Bohemian assembly. Wherever possible, feline motives have been introduced in the scheme of decoration : cats perch upon the mantel, cat-heads look down from every point of vantage ; on the walls are paintings representing myriads of cats ; the room, the house, the neighborhood, seem to mew and purr. In the depths of this quaint little paradise of Toms and Tabbies, we find the



A COZY COR-

NER AT THE CHAT NOIR



THE BLACK CAT'S THEATER

father of this tribe of dusky cats. This unique asylum for stuffed or carved felines was born of the fantasy of an unsuccessful artist, Rodolphe Salis, who did not long survive his nine-lived cabaret. Rodolphe Salis confesses frankly that, as he could not make his painting pay for his daily bread and



SILHOUETTES

cheese, he resolved to become tavern-keeper and yet remain, at heart, an artist. The Chat Noir, as we see it, was the growth of his idea. At first a meeting-place for painters, men of letters, and musicians, who met to talk, recite their verse, and play their compositions, it soon attracted the great world of Paris—“*le tout Paris*”—for here was some-

thing new, something unique. To mock the world, Salis then dressed his waiters in the ornate garb of members of the French Academy, a conceit which greatly pleased his humble customers, those who had dreamed of fame, and had waked to find themselves — not on Olympus, but on the Butte Montmartre. It was Salis who crowned his loved Montmartre with his exclamation, "Montmartre, it is the Brain of the Universe!" The dainty shadow-plays of the Chat Noir were presented in a little theater near the roof.



THE REAL HAUNT OF THE BLACK CAT

The auditorium, although not vast, will contain a hundred or more. Between the acts of the shadow-plays, poets and singers, informally introduced by Salis, amused with their most Frenchy selections an appreciative crowd. The stage itself is only four or five feet wide ; a white linen screen is stretched in the proscenium, and on it are thrown from behind a series of tableaux in silhouette. The credit for these unique productions is due to Caran d'Ache and Henri Rivière. They discovered the secret of perspective in silhouette, and invented wonderfully clever mechanical devices and light-effects to heighten the interest of the performances.



THE "TRUE TREE OF ROBINSON"

Salis, the manager, acted the part of antique chorus, and striding up and down the aisle in a most extravagant fashion



WATERS, DUMB AND OTHERWISE

recited in thundering tones the story shadowed forth upon the screen. Or sometimes a sort of opera was given, the composer at the piano singing all the parts.

One of the favorite shadow-dramas is the "*Épopée de Napoléon*" in which scenes from the history of the great emperor are thrillingly presented, the "*grande armée*" defiles to the sound of stirring music, the shadow of the modern Cæsar passes across the screen amid the tumultuous applause of those behind the scenes and those in front, battles are fought and won to the accompaniment of a most realistic roar of musketry and cannon, the flashes and smoke



DINNER IS SERVED



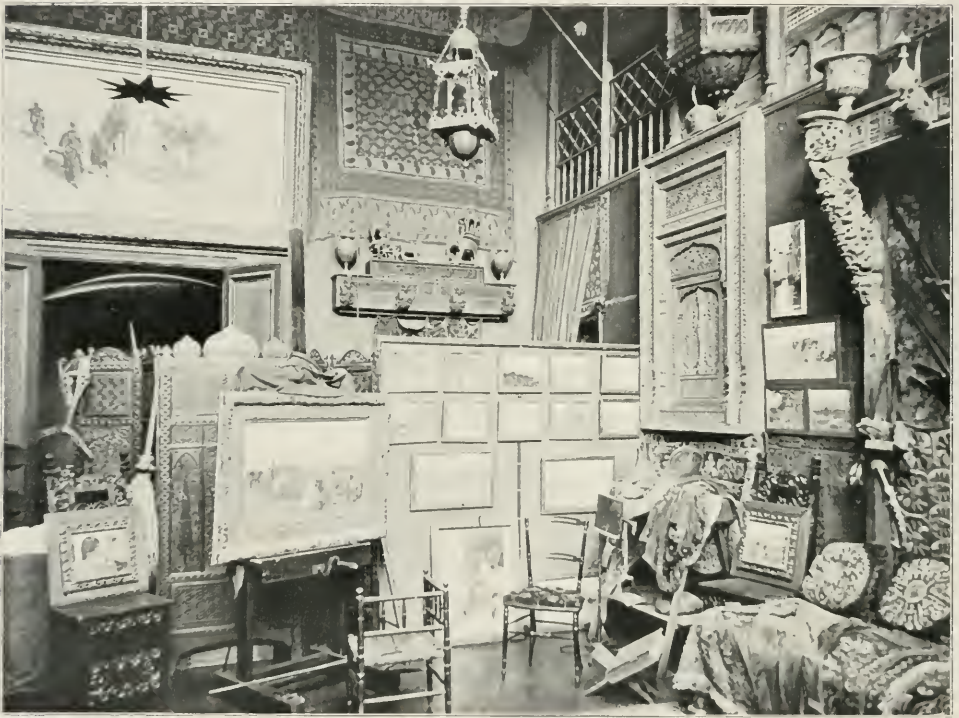
IN THE CRUSOE TAVERN

being plainly visible. And all these effects are produced by three or four clever men shut up in a box hardly bigger than a Punch and Judy cabinet.

Behind the scenes we find a novel assortment of instruments. Above, at the right, is the lantern for projecting light upon the screen against which hangs a shadow scene representing the Crucifixion, for one of the musical plays presented is a Passion Play. Yet the subject is treated so delicately and so reverently that we can forgive its presentation even under auspices so incongruous as those of the Chat Noir. The foregrounds are cut from plates of zinc, as are also the lifelike figures which are made to move and to act. A piano, an organ, drums, pistols, trumpets, whistles, and the voices of the artists in charge of the figures furnish the

noise, while lightning and cannon-discharges and great explosions are produced by numerous devices very curiously contrived. The smoke of battle belches from a harmless cigarette.

Eccentric cafés and restaurants are not confined to Paris proper; the suburban caterers to the gaiety of nations are



CHEZ M. WEEKS

awake to the value of an original idea expressed in such a way as to impress itself upon the jaded public mind. Around the legend of our childhood friend, Robinson Crusoe, a suburban village has grown up; its name is Robinson; its mission is to slake the thirst and satisfy the hunger of the gay Parisians. It cannot by any possibility be called a desert isle, rather is it an isle of plenty, an isle of mirth and music.



A STUDIO AT ÉCOUEN

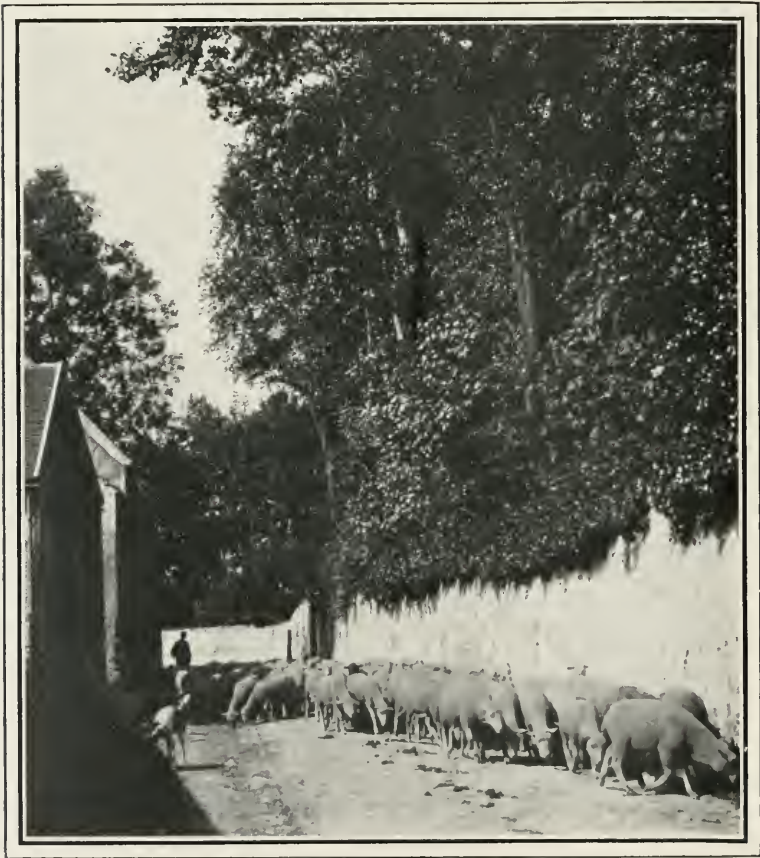
floating amid a sea of country calm. Paris comes to Robinson to breath fresh air, eat wedding-breakfasts, sing, dance, dine in couples or in companies, and otherwise make merry. There are innumer-



AT WORK

able garden restaurants named after Robinson Crusoe or good Man Friday, but we patronize the original "Restaurant of the True Tree of Robinson," in which "true tree" three dining-rooms are hung between the

earth and sky amid cool leafy branches that, swaying in the breeze, perform the office of Oriental punkahs. Dumb-waiters, simple in design and operation, expedite the labors of waiters who are not dumb—least of all when disputes arise about the bill. Every time I saw one of the baskets swing upward to the hungry guests, I thought of far-off Thessaly where, curled in a net at the extremity of a long rope, I was hauled from the base of a gigantic cliff up to a Greek Monastery in the air more than two hundred feet above, and there received by the hungry monks of the wonderful Convents of



AT ÉCOUEN

the Meteora. It is a far cry from the Parisian suburbs to the cliff-bound plains of Thessaly, but half the joy of travel is in the suggestion now and then waked, of something far away, dissimilar, yet in some vague mysterious way related in sensa-



"SUNSET RAYS ASLANT THE WOOD"

tion. To see Robinson at its best we should come on a Sunday, when the village overflows with merry Bohemians from Paris, and the tree-tops are alive with students, models, and artists.

The artist-life in Paris is a subject rich in interest and beauty, a subject of which I hope some day to treat. Suffice it now to take a hasty peep into the studio of an artist whose work appeals to the traveler with peculiar force, for Edwin Lord Weeks is not only a painter, he is a traveler, an explorer, and an enthusiastic Alpinist. He has revealed to

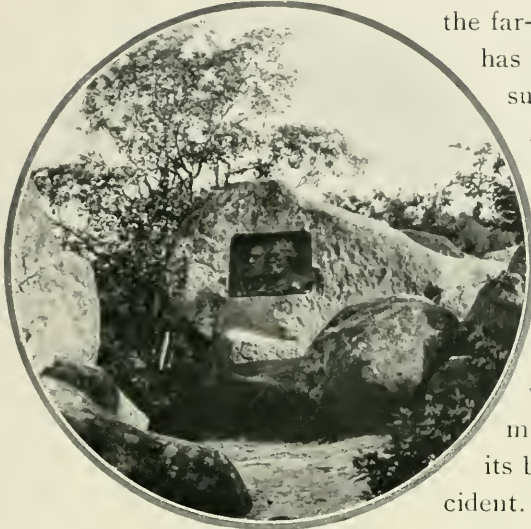


QUIET ÉCOUEN

us in all the glory of its color and its sunshine the Indian and Persian East. Into Morocco he has traveled, the deserts and



THE HOME OF MILLET



MILLET AND ROSSEAU

the far-off islands of the world he has brought near to us, the sublime terrors of the higher Alps he has expressed in quick, vigorous strokes while finding a precarious foothold on icy pinnacles. He may call one little room his studio, but his true studio is the wide world; its height is marked by mountain-tops, its breadth by Orient and Occident. His home, in an aristocratic quarter of Paris, is such as

a man of his tastes would naturally be supposed to have. Rare Oriental belongings brought together from the ends of the East give it an exotic atmosphere, while his pictures lead our imaginations into far-off lands, and hint at the intensely interesting life that he has led.

How different the life-work of another painter, into whose peaceful studio in the village of Écouen I was one day introduced by an artist friend from Paris. His subjects, homely and commonplace, are treated with a feeling and a gentle art which make his pictures poems on canvas, pastorals in frames. He has, it is true, wandered as far as England in search of peaceful landscapes, and in his fascinating, broken English he becomes enthusiastic over the beautiful effects produced by ripples on the placid Thames, or, as he quaintly puts it, by "ze little frizzles on ze Tamise." When days are fine, his little garden becomes a studio, his peasant servants, models. The house and garden have in their time belonged, first to a favorite of a king, then to a poet, then to a musician. Here, then, has been the abode

of love, of poesy, and of music ; and now the master is a painter whose pictures are romantic and poetic, whose compositions are color symphonies.

“ Ah, you should come here later, when my house is covered with wistaria blossoms ! ” he exclaims ; “ for then, then it is so sweet that it is like — what shall I say ? Ah ! — like living in ze pomade pot ! But come and see my village. Écouen is beautiful. There are pictures everywhere.”



IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU



ON THE TERRACE, BARBIZON

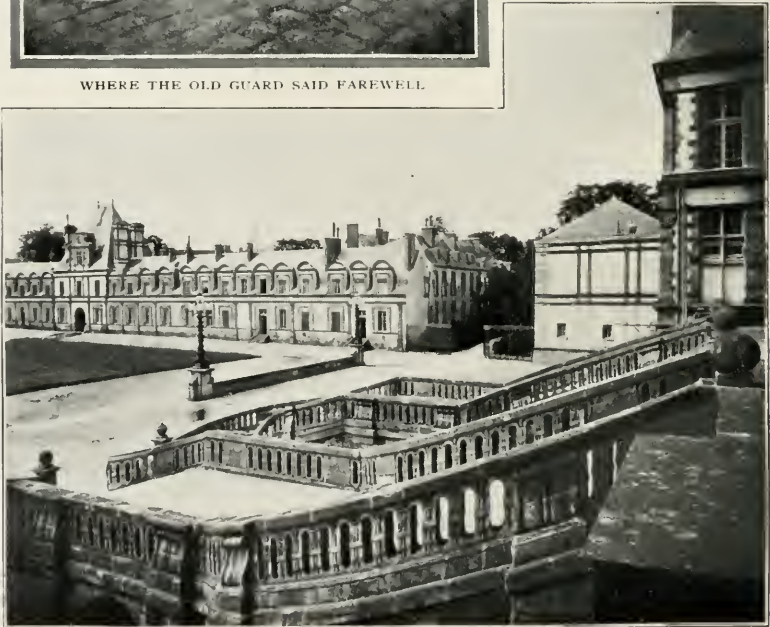
And, opening the garden gate, there is in truth a picture — a lovely composition of sheep and shepherd, village lane and crumbling wall, and vague green boughs against a summer sky. Yes, Écouen is beautiful ; happy the painter who thus can find inspiration at his very door. We wander through the town and out along a green-arched road where twilight overtakes us, the sun first throwing across our path, aslant the wood, bright rays of gold in warning that the day is done. Sweet days indeed are those of men whose mission is to be interpreters of beauty. Who would not be a painter and dwell in quiet Écouen, fixing its calm loveliness on canvas, forgetful of the strife and jealousy of the great roaring city — at peace with all the world and best of all at peace with self, that ever-present tyrant ?

From Écouen to Barbizon the distance may be long in miles, but it is short in spirit. In Barbizon, upon the edge of the Fontainebleau Forest, have dwelt artists whose names

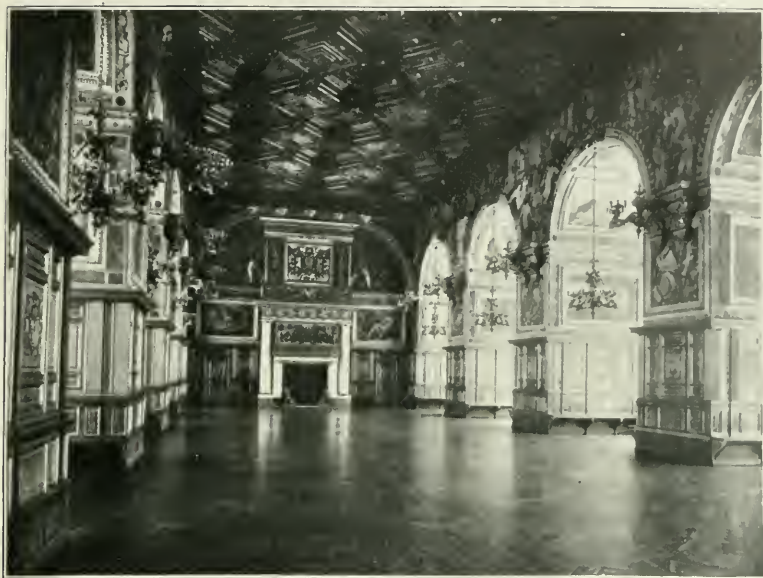


WHERE THE OLD GUARD SAID FAREWELL.

now stand for all that is best and highest — painters whom the world is proud to honor, now that all are dead and cannot know that the triumph of which they dreamed has been at last accorded them. While they lived, the world was blind, and in its own blindness mocked at genius, and drove these prophets of



THE COURT OF THE ADIEUX



AT FONTAINEBLEAU

true art, heartbroken, into poor men's graves. We cannot pass the house of Millet without feeling a pang at the



THE LONG GALLERY

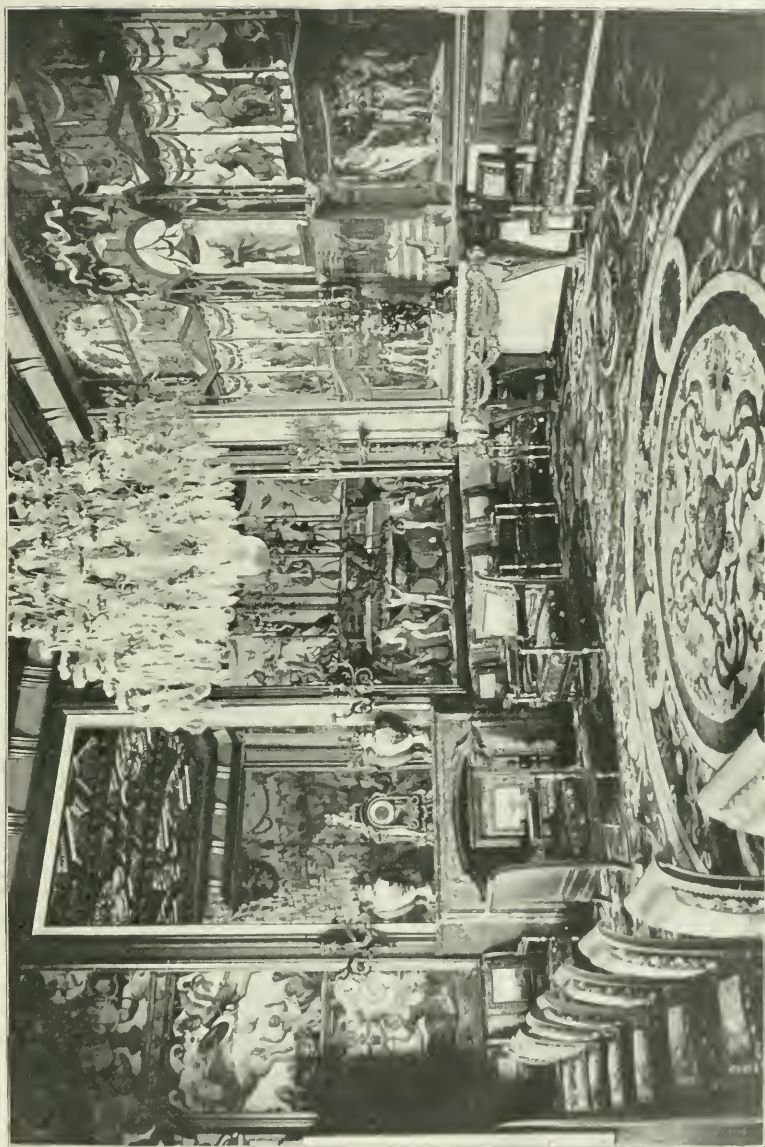
injustice done to that great soul. The same world that refused him bread paid three quarters of a million francs for "The Angelus" only fifteen years after the death of him who painted it. Not far from his home in the forest that he loved so well, we find a memorial tablet set in the rocks of Fontainebleau as firmly as admiration for his genius is now



FONTAINEBLEAU

set in the hearts of all men who think and feel. With Millet's memory, that of his sincere friend Rousseau will ever be associated ; and it is therefore fitting that the faces of Jean-François Millet and Théodore Rousseau should together greet the wanderer here in this forest which was their world, the beauties of which both have immortalized on canvas.

There is no lovelier forest in all France. Moreover, it is both forest and park. Within a grand circumference of



THE PRISON OF A POPE

fifty miles, long leagues of road and pathway cross and recross, so that the traveler is constantly tempted to change his course, to explore mysterious forest aisles, or to lose himself in some delightful shady labyrinth. Hotels, châteaux or rustic cafés are found in every corner of the wood. The walker and the cyclist find in this wood good



MUSEE AT FONTAINEBLEAU

roads, good paths, good cheer; the artist finds that which he seeks, peace, picturesqueness, and inspiration born of the thought that this gentle wilderness has been the nurse of genius. The traveler, too, finds that which he seeks—historical associations, housed in a palace that in sumptuousness is not surpassed by any other palace in the land. King Francis I built Fontainebleau in 1547, great Henry of Navarre completed it. Louis Philippe and the Napoleons spent millions for its restoration. The course of the world's



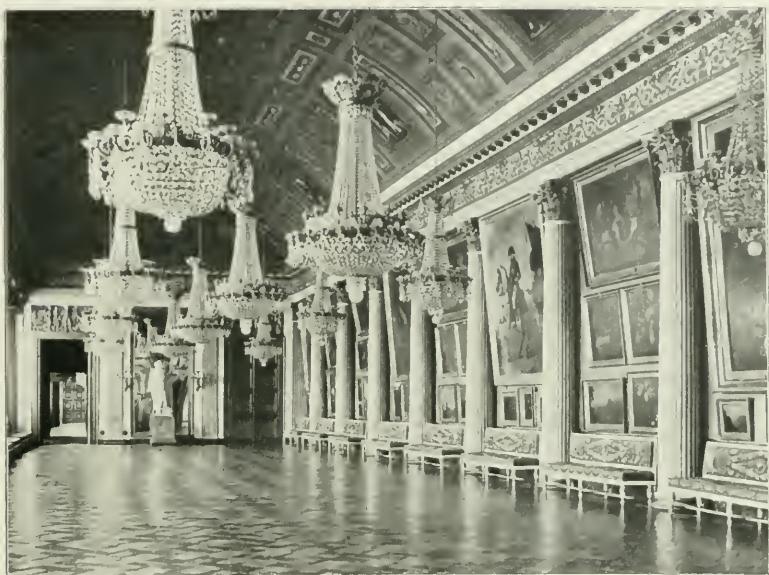
COMPIÈGNE



IN THE WOOD OF COMPIÈGNE

history has more than once been changed by acts performed upon the regal stage of Fontainebleau. The last recorded scene was perhaps the saddest and most theatrical of all, Napoleon's farewell to the Old Guard in the "Court of the Adieux."

But as we enter, thoughts of earlier centuries will attend us. We see



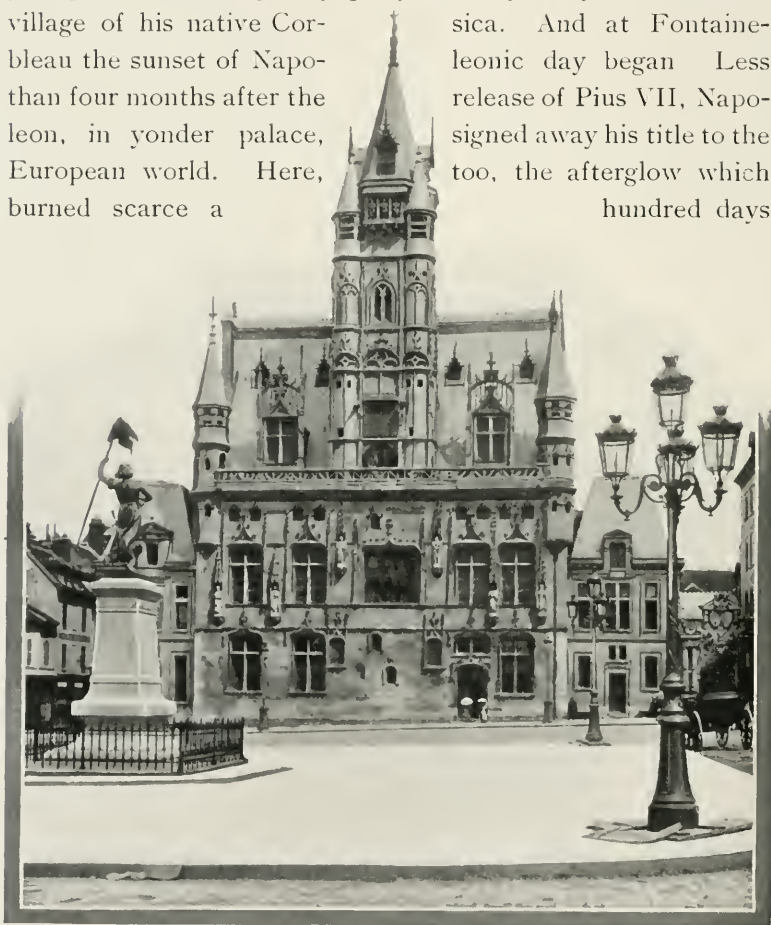
WHERE KINGS AND EMPERORS HAVE DANCED

King Louis, the Magnificent, destroy the broad and noble work of Henry of Navarre by the pen-stroke which revoked



AN EASY-CHAIR AT COMPIEGNE

the Edict of Nantes, plunged France into religious civil-war, and turned back many pages in the book of progress. As we pass from the long gallery into an apartment which is furnished, like all the rooms of Fontainebleau, with an artistic lavishness that gave no thought to cost, we see the figure of a captive Pope, the representative of a power to which emperors once did homage, held prisoner by a little man who not a score of years before had been an obscure young soldier doing only petty military duty in a remote village of his native Corsica. And at Fontainebleau the sunset of Napoleonic day began. Less than four months after the release of Pius VII, Napoleon, in yonder palace, signed away his title to the European world. Here, too, the afterglow which burned scarce a hundred days

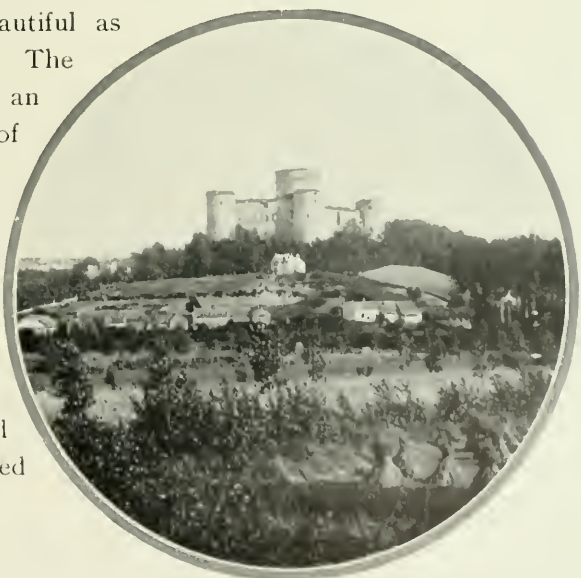


HOTEL DE VILLE AT COMPIEGNE



" RUINED CYLINDERS OF MASONRY "

lighted with its brief glare these palace walls; for here Napoleon, returned from Elba, reviewed his faithful troops before he marched to triumph in his regained capital, and thence to black defeat at Waterloo. Another home of kings and emperors graces another forest region, that of Compiègne. The Château was a creation of Louis the Fifteenth, and later it became the favorite resort of Napoleon the Third. The forest is almost as beautiful as that of Fontainebleau. The palace of Compiègne is an echo of the splendor of the older royal dwelling. Within we find bewildering suites of gorgeous rooms, corridors and festal halls, all of which still breathe an atmosphere of life. The many kings and queens who have graced



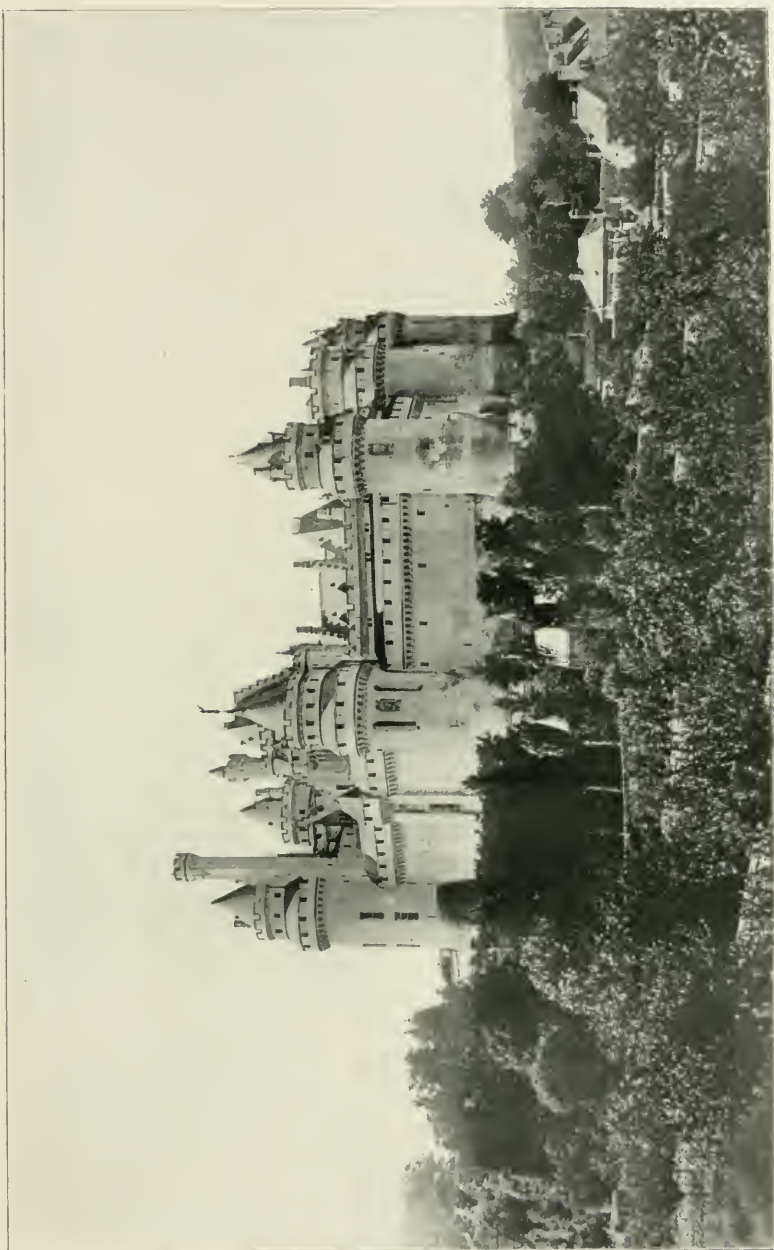
COMPIÈGNE

Fontainebleau are dead and gone ; but the last mistress of this imperial pile, Eugénie, Empress of the French, still lives. How strange the thought that she should be to-day among the living—a sad, proud woman, widowed, childless, still surviving, after thirty years, that gilded fabric of which she was for so many brilliant years the brightest ornament, that magical creation of the grandson of poor Josephine, the Empire of Napoleon the Third !

From Compiègne the traveler may tour on bicycle or in automobile through the forest, over perfect roads, to another great château, a restoration of a feudal castle, one of the most imposing structures in all France. But first, before we visit Pierrefonds, that we may better comprehend its meaning and history, we should diverge into the open country and ride on until there rise above us the ruined towers and the donjon-keep of Coucy. For Coucy's ruined cylinders of masonry record an early chapter of French feudal history which should be learned before we read the peroration expressed in architectural periods upon the restored walls of Pierrefonds,— walls that are eloquent of feudal lavishness and splendor. In Coucy, feudal strength and warlike might are typified. Built early in the thirteenth century by the king's great vassal Enguerrand, the most formidable lord of France, Coucy for many years defied the crown itself, and once its master almost succeeded



THE DONJON-KEEP OF COUCY



PIERREFONDS

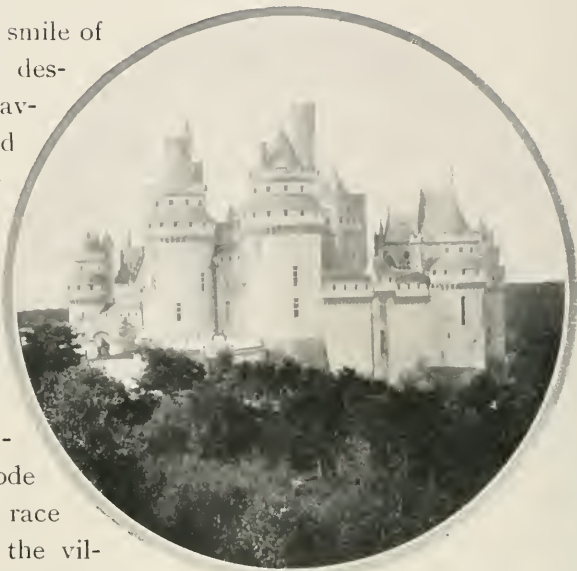
in wresting the sceptre from the pious grasp of France's holy king, St. Louis. The motto of the lords of Coucy was a proud one, "King I am not, nor Prince, nor Duke, nor even Count; I am the Lord of Coucy." And long after Coucy's lords had ceased to be a menace to the monarchy, this massive donjon-keep continued to defy the enemies of that great mediæval feudal system to which it had owed so many years of proud supremacy. By order of the king, Louis XIII, men came in 1652 charged to destroy this then abandoned and defenseless pile. But all their efforts were in vain; their heaviest blasts of powder merely caused the tower to shrug its battlemented shoulders, and the outer walls, thirty-four



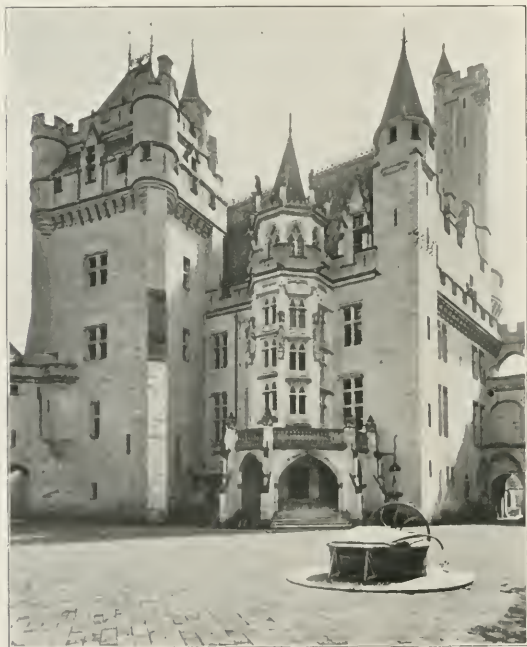
TURRETS AND TOWERS

feet thick, to crack into a smile of pitying disdain. So the destroyers went their way, leaving old Coucy dismantled but triumphant in its indestructibility.

Everything is colossal in this fortress; there is in it a rudeness and hugeness of construction which belittles the man of the present. The inhabitants of this feudal abode must have belonged to a race of giants. After its fall the villagers used this mass of masonry as a



A ROMANCE IN STONE



FEUDAL SPLENDOR

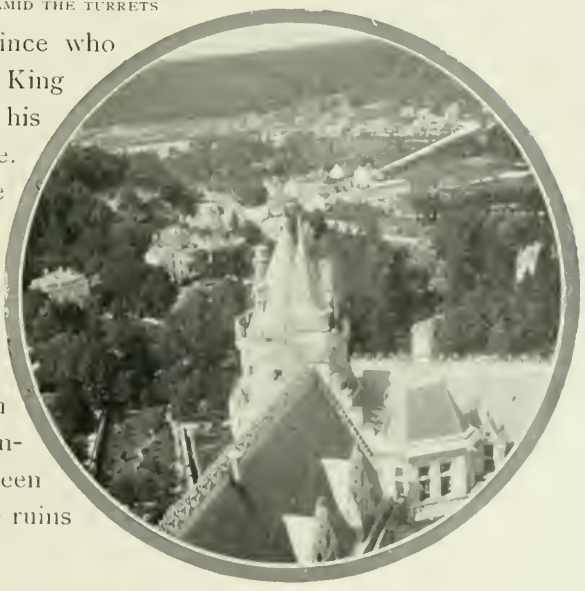
free quarry, and, with these stones heaped up in feudal times to form this stronghold of oppression for the mighty war-lords, they built themselves peaceful dwellings in the quiet streets of the neighboring villages. The castle is now the protected property of the nation, its last lord having been the ill-fated Prince



AMID THE TURRETS

Philippe Égalité, the prince who voted for the execution of King Louis XVI, and later met his death upon the guillotine.

Having seen what time and royal vandalism have made of one mediæval stronghold, we may now visit the Château of Pierrefonds and see what the genius of a modern architect, backed by Imperial generosity, has been able to evolve from the ruins

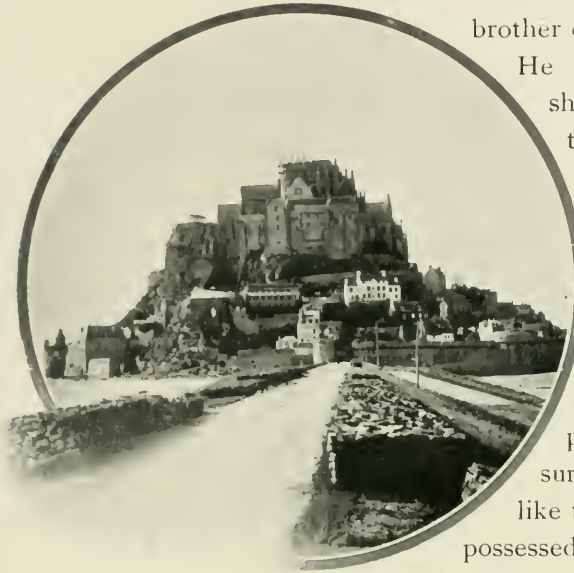


FROM THE LOOK-OUT TOWER

of a castle which, like Coucy, dates from the feudal epoch. Above the calm, still, little town of Pierrefonds towers the magnificent château, as perfect, as imposing, as when half a thousand years ago, it stood a noble menace to the throne of France. It was late in the fourteenth century, in 1390, that the walls of Pierrefonds first loomed above this modest village. Louis of Orléans, builder of Pierrefonds, was a



WALLS, PALACES, CHURCHES, AND TOWERS



THE CAUSEWAY TO THE ROCK

brother of King Charles the Sixth. He willed that his château should be at the same time the most sumptuous residence of his epoch and a fortress so constructed as to defy all possible attacks. That it could well do so we must grant as we gaze upward at its splendid towers. But no prince in those days was sure of his position unless, like the builder of this pile, he possessed fortified abodes in many

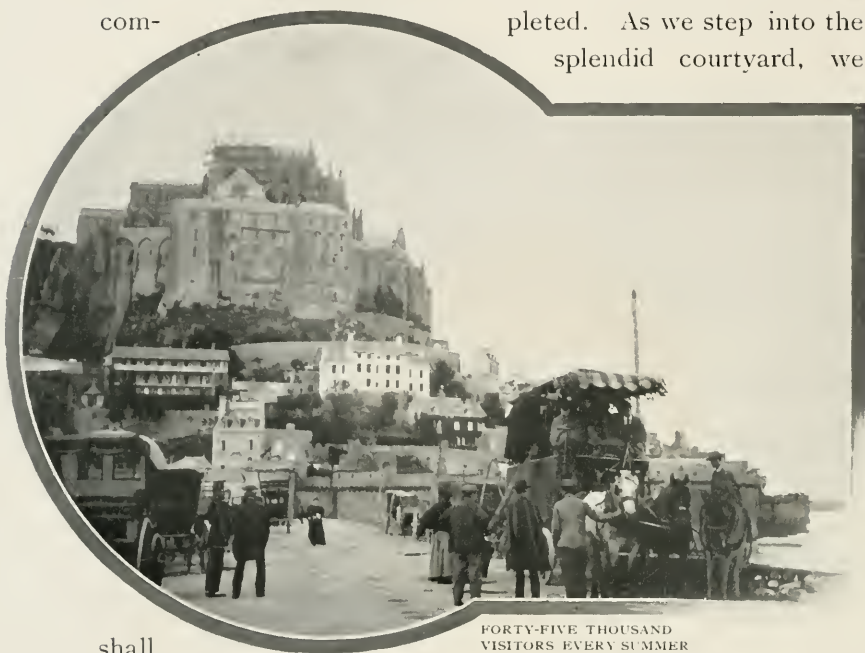
places. Louis of Orléans therefore purchased the castle of Coucy, and thus became owner of the two finest specimens of feudal architecture in the whole land of France. And yet, in spite of all his towers, he at last fell victim to assassins hired by the



ST. AUBERT'S CHAPEL

Duke of Burgundy. Then, after Pierrefonds had stood two centuries as an ideal expression of mediæval dignity and power, Louis XIII ordered the destruction of this "Romance in Stone," fearing to leave intact so formidable a refuge for his enemies. It remained a shattered ruin until 1858, when Napoleon III began the amazing restoration that is now com-

pleted. As we step into the splendid courtyard, we



FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND
VISITORS EVERY SUMMER

shall

confess that it is indeed an amazing accomplishment,—this bringing into our modern century out of the vanished past one of the noblest of feudal structures, so huge, so formidable, so truly typical of its distant half-forgotten age. The splendid halls, corridors, and chambers have been reproduced in all their impressive elegance of decoration and adornment. We cannot understand why Pierrefonds has been neglected by American travelers; few ever find their way to it. Never for me has the reality of the past, its rudeness and its splendor been more vividly made manifest than here at Pierrefonds.

Left for a moment alone in one of its vast halls, I felt myself put back five hundred years. It seemed as if the castle had been deserted but temporarily by its inhabitants. It seemed as if at any moment the knights would come striding in, fresh from a battle or a tourney, talking in quaint old French of things now history, then only rumors of impending wars or whispered reports of bloody deeds which since have echoed down the centuries.



ARRIVAL AT THE ISLAND

Mounting to the summit of one of the lookout towers, and standing there amid the many turrets and pinnacles of restored Pierrefonds, we ask, to whom is due the credit for this miracle, this magical reconstruction of the castle? To a man whose name is not so widely known as it should be, to a man whose life was devoted to the careful restoration of the neglected reminders of the glorious past of France, to a man who needs no monument other than the grand structures he has recreated — to Eugène Viollet-le-Duc, the restorer of

Notre Dame in Paris and of Pierrefonds, an architect to whom the world owes a great debt of gratitude. Thanks to his exhaustive study of the past, to his wise use of the five million francs furnished by the third Napoleon, Pierrefonds, after centuries of decay and neglect has risen from its ruins and has resumed its primitive appearance.

Another mediæval structure, one that rivals this château in picturesqueness and impressiveness, and at the same time surpasses it in architectural beauty, in the interest of his historical souvenirs, and, above all, in the strangeness of its situation, is the Abbey of Mont Saint-Michel, which rises from its rocky islet in the waters of the Bay of Brittany. Gazing seaward from the Norman coast, we behold a mighty rock crowned with monasteries, churches, palaces, and towers outlined against the evening sky. The upper extremity of



TRASH FOR THE TOURISTS

this bay is but a sort of estuary—a vast plain of sand, which every day is twice covered by the sea and twice by it abandoned. The tides are phenomenal. On this bay at Granville a difference between high and low water of over fifty feet is frequently recorded. The tides of March and September have wiped out of existence many a sea-side farm. It is said that at times the sea rushes in across the



MADAME POULARD

sands with such rapidity that the fleetest of horses could not outstrip the waves in the race for life and safety. It has been proved that before this region became a part of the bay, it was a forest, extending far beyond Mont Saint-Michel to other islands, then only hills, which now lie far out from the shore. For centuries the northwest coast of France has been undergoing a gradual subsidence. Recently there was discovered at a depth of ten feet or so beneath these sands a portion of a paved roadway, as well as a human skull and three skulls of a species of wild oxen, the aurochs, an animal which as early as the time of Cæsar had ceased to exist in occidental Gaul. Entire trees perfectly preserved have frequently been found. These facts prove the existence of the antique forest and the profound transformations which this region has passed through. Only Mont Saint-Michel and a few minor islands have still survived, thanks to their rocky bases. From earliest recorded time Mont Saint-Michel has been surmounted

sands with such rapidity that the fleetest of horses could not outstrip the waves in the race for life and safety. It has been proved that before this region became a part of the bay, it was a forest, extending far beyond Mont Saint-Michel to other islands, then only hills, which now lie far out from the shore. For centuries the northwest coast of France has been undergoing a gradual subsidence. Recently there was discovered at a depth of ten feet or so beneath these sands a portion of a paved roadway, as well as a



EVERYBODY'S FRIEND



THE HOTEL POULARD

by a fortress or a temple. The Gauls there founded a school of druidesses, the Romans there raised altars to the Almighty Jupiter, the Franks there consecrated the first Christian oratory. In 708 a holy man, St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, dedicated a modest chapel on the rock to the Archangel Michael, thus fixing for future ages the name of Mont Saint-Michel.

There is a legend of St. Michael and the Demon told by the people of lower Nor-

mandy. St. Michael, to protect himself from the machinations of the Devil, built amid the waters this habitation worthy of an archangel. As a further precaution, he spread roundabout it miles of moving sands, far more perfidious than the sea. The Devil lived in a humble cottage on the shore, but possessed marvelously fertile lands. These the saint greatly coveted, for in spite of his fine home the latter was poor as a saint should be. One day he called upon his evil neighbor, saying, "I come to make you a proposition." "Proceed," replies the Devil. "You love repose; I love hard work; cede me all your lands. The labor shall be done by me, and you shall receive one half the harvest."

Satan instantly agreed. The saint then offered to let his partner in this farming-enterprise, choose which half of the produce he would take — that which should rise above the soil or that which remained hidden in the fertile ground, and Satan chose the former. A few months later the vast domain brought forth a splendid crop of carrots, radishes, and beets. The Devil, according to the contract, was forced to content himself with the stalks and useless greens.

The next season the Devil, remembering how he had been outwitted, reversed his choice, saying that he would take the portion of the crop that remained hidden below the surface. But the Devil found himself in no better luck when the crop was harvested, for the wily saint this time planted grain, and gave the Father of Lies only the withered and useless roots.

The advantages of being a saint are obvious.

It is in a lumbering omnibus that travelers make the journey of ten kilometers from Pontorson, the railway terminus, to the portals of the island. A broad dike or causeway half a mile in length curves seaward from shore. Comparatively few Americans visit this most wonderful place, but



EVERYTHING IS UPSTAIRS



FROM THE STEPS

forty-five thousand European tourists come annually. Arriving under the shadow of the grim fortifications, the omnibus is taken by assault by an army of Amazons from the hotels, even scaling ladders being brought into use by eager serving-maids. Of course we intend to patronize the "Hôtel Poulard," an establishment as famous as the Mount itself; but each servant shouts the name of a different Poulard!—"Poulard Aîné," "Poulard Jeune," or "*La Veuve Poulard*;" for the entire Poulard tribe has gone to keeping inns upon the island. Thus it is in a state of doubt and uncertainty that we hasten through the gate into a narrow street, and there we are greeted by a smiling dame who in a sweet but authoritative voice remarks, "*Je suis Mme. Poulard*;" and without question we accept her as the mistress of the *original* Hôtel Poulard. She is unique, a landlady unparalleled in the annals of innkeeping. I defy the world to produce a traveler who, having visited the Mount, does

not carry away with him or her (for Madame Poulard is equally popular with those of her own sex), an enthusiastic admiration for the hostess. I wish that I could show the thousand charming expressions of her face, her smiles of greeting, her half-sad way of "speeding the parting guest." Had all my snap-shots succeeded, you might have had to listen to a lecture on Mont Saint-Michel entirely illustrated with portraits of Madame Poulard. The Hôtel Poulard is the dominating feature of the one and only thoroughfare, and that no one may be left in doubt, two sign-boards tell the arriving traveler that this is "the place of the Renown of the Omélette, the Hôtel of Poulard the Elder," or, rather the nucleus of the hotel, for the establishment comprises many buildings, some in the narrow village street, some perched on the rocky slope a hundred feet above. Madame's system of management is unique. When after a sojourn of several days, I asked for the accounts of a party of three, Madam smiled and said, "Sit down and tell me what you have had.



THE "LITTLE BREAKFAST"



THE MAKING OF THE OMELETTE

things ; my guests are always honest." Naturally through fear of abusing the confidence of this trustful hostess we paid for extras that we had never had.

One hundred steps lead from the street to our apartments. But how interesting is the climb ! we have not time to think of the fatigue, for Madame herself accompanies the ladies, charming them into forgetfulness of their effort, shortening, with many words of encouragement, the weary

Let me see, four days—three people—that makes twelve dinners, twelve *déjeuners*, twelve early cups of coffee,—what else, now, do you remember? I really have not time to bother about these little



M. POULARD ET SES POULETS

way. Far below we see the village, and beyond, the great plain of shifting sand which within an hour will become a glittering expanse of sea. The Norman coast lies low along the horizon. At night this ascent to our abode is a fantastic experience, for every guest is furnished with a lighted paper lantern, and when these flickering lights are slowly moving skyward, the scene suggests an evening picture in Japan. Upon the terrace every morning we are served with the



POULARD ENTERPRISE

French "little breakfast," a cup of coffee and a roll. Unfortunately, luncheons and dinners are not served at this altitude, and twice a day we must make the toilsome journey to the lower town, or else be content to live on fresh air and lovely vistas.

From the terrace one could almost drop into the street below. We seem to be living at one and the same time upon a mountain-top, on shipboard, and among the clouds in a balloon. In fact, we are upon a mountain, the sea is round about us, and at times the clouds and mists of Brittany

envelop us. At midday from the depths of the village there comes clanging up the precipice the sound of the luncheon-bell, announcing that all hands must now descend for *déjeuner*. With a zeal like that of fervent pilgrims, we rush down to the modern shrine of Mont Saint-Michel, the Poulard kitchen, to witness the modern miracle,—the making of the omelette, performed by the patron saint of the isle, Madame Poulard. The open fireplace is the altar before which crowds of hungry tourists gather every day to watch with reverence and awe a high priestess of the culinary art, preparing with a skill born of long practice an omelette worthy the table of the gods. Upon this altar have been sacrificed in one day as many as seventy dozen eggs; for Madame is tireless, and from eleven to one o'clock may be found gracefully turning out omelette after omelette, each



OYSTERS OF CANCALE

more perfect than the last, which was perfection. Of her omelettes I dare not attempt to "make the eulogy," as the French would say; they are the standard omelettes of the universe. It has been asserted by some probably dyspeptic traveler that the famed "omelette" is nothing more than the "plain scrambled eggs of com-

merce." Forty-five thousand annual omelette-eaters stand ready to brand this flippant statement as a malicious libel

But the fame of the Poulard *cuisine* rests not only upon the delicious, unsubstantial omelette, for behold before the fire are a dozen delicious chickens serenely turning on automatic spits. They are dripping with a savory gravy; they are moist and juicy; they are tender; they are, in a word, worthy to receive their browning in company with Madame Poulard's omelette. Success invites competition. The words



JUST BOYS!

"Poulard" and "omelette" have long been synonyms for success. Behold how they are repeated over and over by the signs that greet us as we stroll through the King's Gateway into the little street. First the "Hôtel Poulard Junior" flaunts its sign high above our heads. With commendable originality it proclaims the "Renown of the Omelette Soufflée," thereby honestly avoiding a direct claim on the "Renown of the old Original Omelette." Then comes the inn of *La Veuve Poulard*, the Widow, whose place appears more modest and more picturesque; beyond the Widow's inn are others still more modest, where the peasant pilgrims are fed and lodged "at prices very moderate."

I dropped in one evening to try the Omelette Soufflée, and so greatly pleased was the family of Poulard Junior to have a guest of *the* Poulard sit at their table that I was not allowed to pay a penny for the generous portion

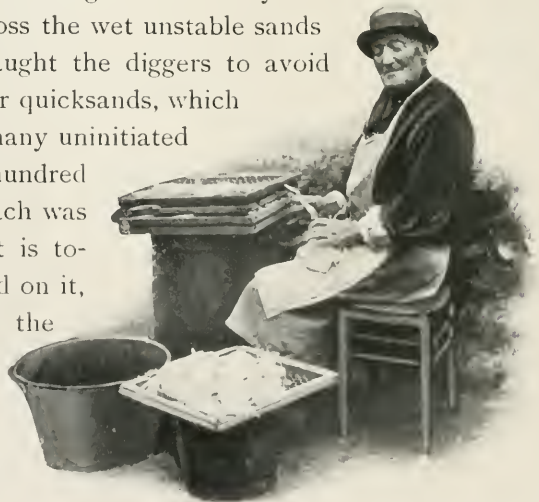


UNE VIEILLE

called the *cogue*, which at low tide they dig from the sand with their sturdy fingers. Thus everybody works at Mont Saint-Michel, and absolute poverty is unknown. Even the grandmothers never outlive their usefulness. We often see quaint ancient dames returning from a foray on the beach, having been far out across the wet unstable sands. Long experience has taught the diggers to avoid the treacherous *lises*, or quicksands, which have swallowed up so many uninitiated roamers. About one hundred years ago, when the beach was even less secure than it is to-day, a ship was stranded on it, and, being forsaken by the tide, it sank so quickly into the yielding mass that the tips of its masts were lost to view within

of the fluffy delicacy of which I had partaken. Can I now do aught but praise it?

The famous oysters of Cancale are opened and sold at the village gate. The products of the sea are naturally the chief resources of the inhabitants. They catch fine salmon of exquisite flavor renowned along the coast, as well as flounders, soles, and shrimps. The family of a fisherman, wife, sons, and daughters, meantime devote themselves to gathering a species of bivalve



CLEAN SOLES

twenty-four hours. In 1780, as an experiment, a pyramidal block of stones, weighing only three hundred pounds, was placed upon the surface, and during the space of one night sank so far that the end of a forty-foot rope attached to it could not be found. With a good guide I ventured to make the tour round the island at low tide. I found that it was not safe to stand too long in admiration of the rock, for constant walking is the price of remaining on the surface. In places the walking was decidedly wet.



A GUIDE INDISPENSABLE

and I found the guide indispensable. He would carry me on his back over the dampest places, and then return to rescue the camera. The legs of the tripod would meantime have settled into the sand to a depth of two or three feet.

The line of the seaward horizon is broken by the Isle of Tombelaine, a miniature Saint-Michel, but now forsaken by all, its monasteries and chapels having long since disappeared. Re-entering the village we secure the portraits of a picturesque pair, a peasant woman and her little girl, the latter dressed as soberly as if she boasted sixty years instead of six. Both wear the neat white caps characteristic of this region,



THREE KINDS OF CAPS

one cap being of wonderful design, — a design which might well be adopted for theater-wear ; for while the hat is not restricted as to size, it has two loopholes admirably adapted for observation of the stage. Just beside the wall in the illustration are situated the two old cannon known as the “Michelettes,” left on the beach by the English host of twenty thousand, which

attacked the Mount in 1434, but was driven back to shore by the six score of valiant Gallic knights into whose charge the abbey and the fortress had been confided by the monks.



THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE

These historic cannon called "bombards," which now lie useless in the village street, were among the first ever fired in European warfare. The Artillery Museum of Paris has made strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to secure these relics. In the unique street leading from the King's Gate up to the Abbey are crowded the little houses which shelter a population of about two hundred, in-



MEDIEVAL MASONRY

cluding fishermen, innkeepers, and dealers in souvenirs both sacred and profane. In this street the valiant warrior Bertrand du Guesclin and his beautiful spouse once made their abode.

Steeper and steeper becomes the way as we advance, bringing us finally to the thirteenth-century ramparts just at the moment of the intrushing of the mighty tide. Swiftly, resistlessly, the blue waters gain on the yellow sands; foot by foot, yard by yard, the delicate line of foam advances



THE CAUSEWAY AND THE RIVER

landward, and before we turn away, Mont Saint-Michel has been encircled by the flood, has for the nonce become a veritable island. The inflow of the tide is more exciting on the western side where the diked channel of a river-mouth becomes an avenue for the advance of a deeper mass of water rushing in from the distant ocean with the swiftness of a mill-



THE INRUSHING OF THE TIDE.

race, long before the surrounding sandy plain has been reached by the broader, shallower wave which overspreads the sandy beaches. The fishing-boats, borne inward by the rush of waters, come careering up the river, which shortly overflows its dike and pours its flood upon the beach. Before the river outlet had been defined by these embankments, it frequently changed its course, flowing at one season to the



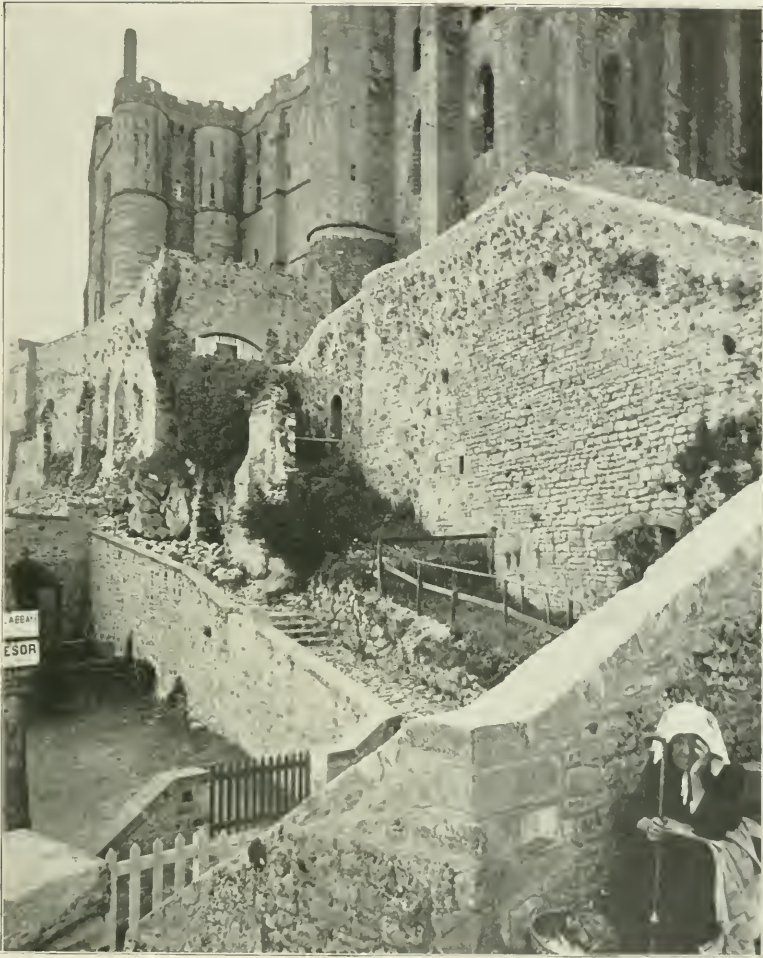
AT HIGH TIDE

east, at another to the west of the rock. Thus Mont Saint-Michel, which once upon a time was part of Brittany, is now within the limits of the Norman province. And well may Normandy be proud of this splendid acquisition. As some one has said, "Man and nature have worked in concert to produce this wonder in piled-up rock and carven stone. The Mount proves by its appearance its history in adventure ; it has the grim, grave, battered look that comes only to features whether of rock or of more plastic mold that have been

carved by the rough handling of experience." As we may plainly observe, the influence of the military life on the religious made itself felt in this monastic architecture of the thirteenth century. The constructions reared by the abbots of that epoch show forth their political state. Having become feudal lords, they took on all the pomp and circumstances of such. It was in the fifteenth century that Mont Saint-Michel attained the zenith of its grandeur. The Abbots then possessed not only the little islands close at hand but even



GRIM, GRAVE, AND BATTERED



"CARVED BY THE ROUGH HANDLING OF EXPERIENCE"

extended their jurisdiction to what are now the English possessions of Jersey and of Guernsey. The abbey was frequently at war with the English, who were at one time masters of all the rest of Normandy. But Mont Saint-Michel was never captured by the Anglo-Saxons even during the long war of the Hundred Years. As we mount higher, we approach the building known as "*La Merveille*," "The

Marvel," which has been pronounced the "most astonishing structure in the world." It dates from the first decades of the twelfth century. It is a series of buildings superposed rather than a single edifice, yet it is but a part of the abbey; the palace of the abbots, the Gothic cathedral far above, and innumerable connecting structures form an ensemble at once confusing, beautiful, and grand.

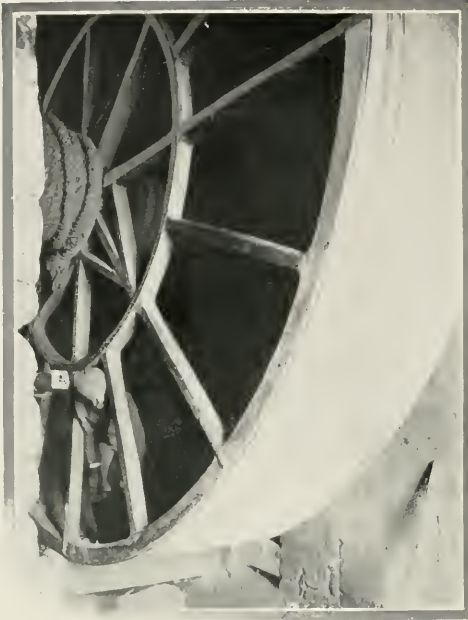


INTERMINABLE FLIGHTS OF STEPS



AN ANGLE OF THE ABBEY

Among the guests who have been entertained by the religious guardians of the Abbey we read the names of Childebert the Second, Charlemagne, Saint Louis, Louis the Eleventh (who was not a saint), and Francis the First. Hundreds of the prisoners filled the dungeons of the rock during the reigns of Louis the Fourteenth and of Louis the Fifteenth; then the prisoners of the Revolution, among them the three hundred priests who had refused to take the civic oath. These times witnessed the desecration of the Abbey, the

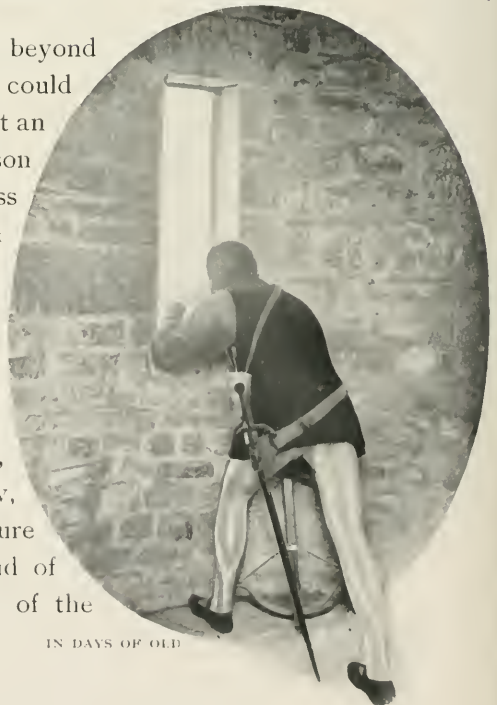


THE HOISTING-WHEEL

mutilation of its carvings, the destruction of its splendid windows, the obstruction of its magnificent apartments by crude partitions. Only in 1874 was the splendid remnant confided to the Commission of Historic Monuments to assure its preservation.

Small wonder that the Mount was never taken by the English, for in those days the

art of defense was developed far beyond that of attack. Five score of men could hold a mediæval stronghold against an army of as many thousands. Treason alone could prevail against a fortress such as this. Yet even treason failed here, the traitor losing heart and confessing his crime before his clever plan for admitting the enemy had been put in execution. It was in 1591. An inmate of the Abbey, Goupigny, by name, agreed with the Lord Montgomery, a leader of the Protestants, to assure the secret introduction of a band of armed men under the command of the



IN DAYS OF OLD



WHERE THE ABBOTS TROD

latter These men were to be drawn up the perpendicular cliff by means of the great windlass and ropes



A CLOISTER AMID THE CLOUDS



AN OBJECT-LESSON IN HISTORY

used for hoisting supplies, provisions, and ammunition from the shore to this high-perched citadel. But, as the chronicler tells us, God did not permit this thing to be done. Goupigny confessed his plan ; and when one night, according to agreement, Montgomery and two hundred men appeared at the base of the sea-girt cliffs, the double traitor gave the signal that all was well ; the Protestant soldiers, in little companies of eight or ten, were silently hauled up by means of the great wheel and its stout ropes ; but as each squad with breathless eagerness crept into the dark corridors to await the coming of the remainder of the force, the Abbey's knights and monks fell on them furiously and killed them, sparing none until the officer below, alarmed by the unlooked-for tumult, refused to send up more men until assured that all was well. At this the governor bade his knights spare one of the Protestants, who was offered life and liberty if he would shout the words of betrayal to those below. But, being a true man and faithful, the tempted soldier shouted instead a warning to his comrades. This act of courage touched the governor's heart, and he who would

not even for life betray his friends was pardoned, while those whose lives he had so nobly saved fled from the island, their hearts bleeding for the four-score of their companions left dead in the dungeons of the Abbey. We are shown the mighty hoisting-wheel itself, hung in a window of the Abbey cellar,—a cellar which is hundreds of feet above the garrets of the village houses. The wheel was turned by gangs of prisoners shut up in it as in a giant treadmill.

The Abbey as an architectural monument defies description. Lacking ground space, the builders of this Wonder in Masonry piled their churches, cloisters, dormitories, and almonaries one upon another, thus creating a mountain of sculptured stone unique among the religious edifices of the world. The cloister is of surprising daintiness in contrast to the somber heaviness of the interiors on the floors below. All is grace and lightness, elegance and beauty, combined with strength and durability. The variety of sculptured design is astonishing; there is no repetition, no monotony. The columns are arranged in groups of three, thus giving great stability while retaining the delicacy of the colonnade.



ADIEU, MONT SAINT MICHEL !

one of the finest specimens of claustral construction in the world. It is indeed worthy to be classed among the marvels of the world, this unique pile of architectural glories. And France, at last awake to the value of this proud old pile, has already undertaken not only to preserve, but to restore it, to make it as magnificent as when its abbots ruled like feudal lords. The outer ramparts, portions of which have fallen under the weight of ages, are to be rebuilt; the turrets topped, as of yore, with peaked roofs;—and all the parapets and battlements are to be raised again. In a word, Mont Saint-Michel, like Pierrefonds, is to be made a glorious object-lesson in French history—another proof that Paris is *not* all of France.

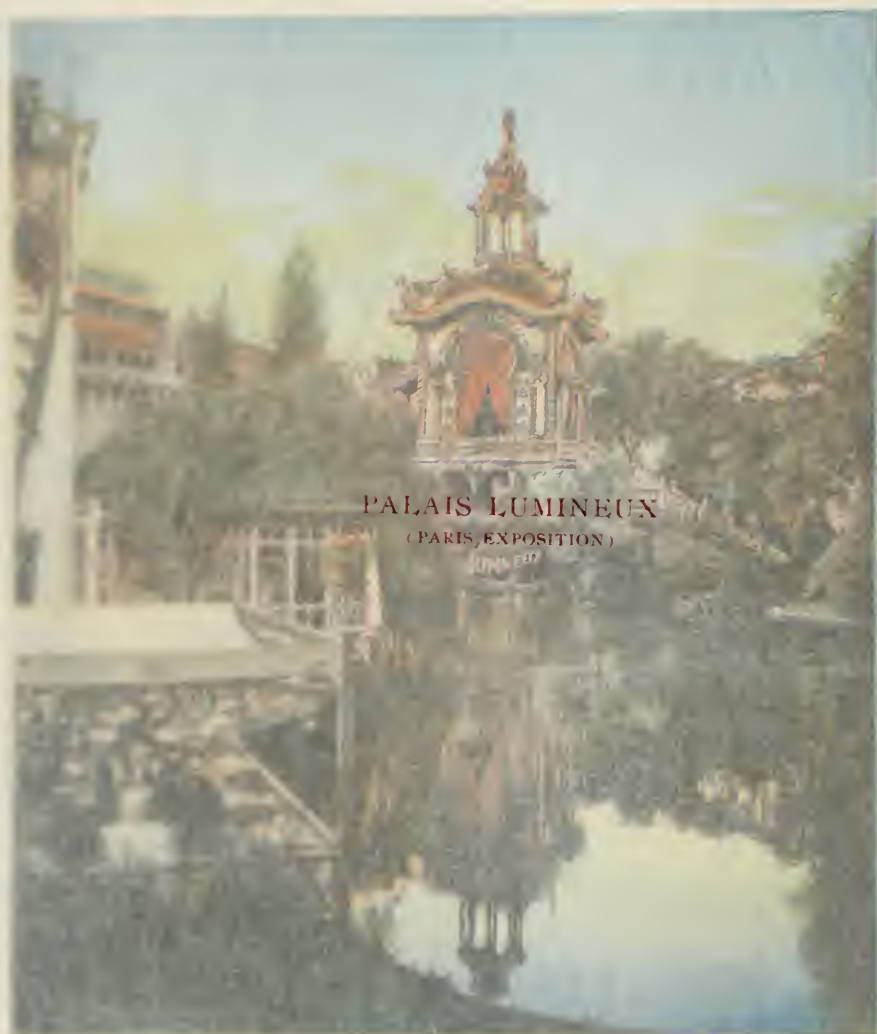
Yet gladly we shall now return to Paris; for while the nation with care and forethought is restoring these mediæval monuments, Paris the capital is rearing the gorgeous modern palaces of the Exposition Universelle, which is to mark the close of the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten nineteenth century.



THE PLACE BLANCHE BY NIGHT



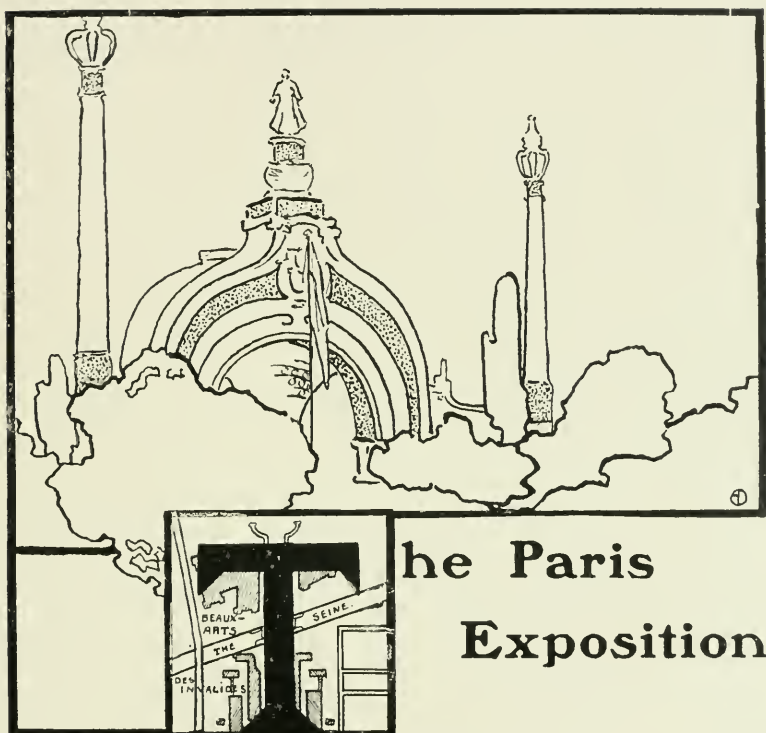
NOTES ON THE
PARIS EXPOSITION
1889



PALAIS LUMINEUX
(PARIS, EXPOSITION)

PARIS EXPOSITION

I



he Paris Exposition

TO SAY that we do not care for expositions is to confess that we are not interested in our fellow-men. Great expositions represent the labor and the thought of countless workers in every branch of human art and industry. Great expositions are like mile-stones, marking the accomplished stages along the highroad of Universal Progress.

The greatest exposition of the nineteenth century was the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

But since Chicago reared, amid the smoke and din of toil, that marvelous White City of imperishable memory,

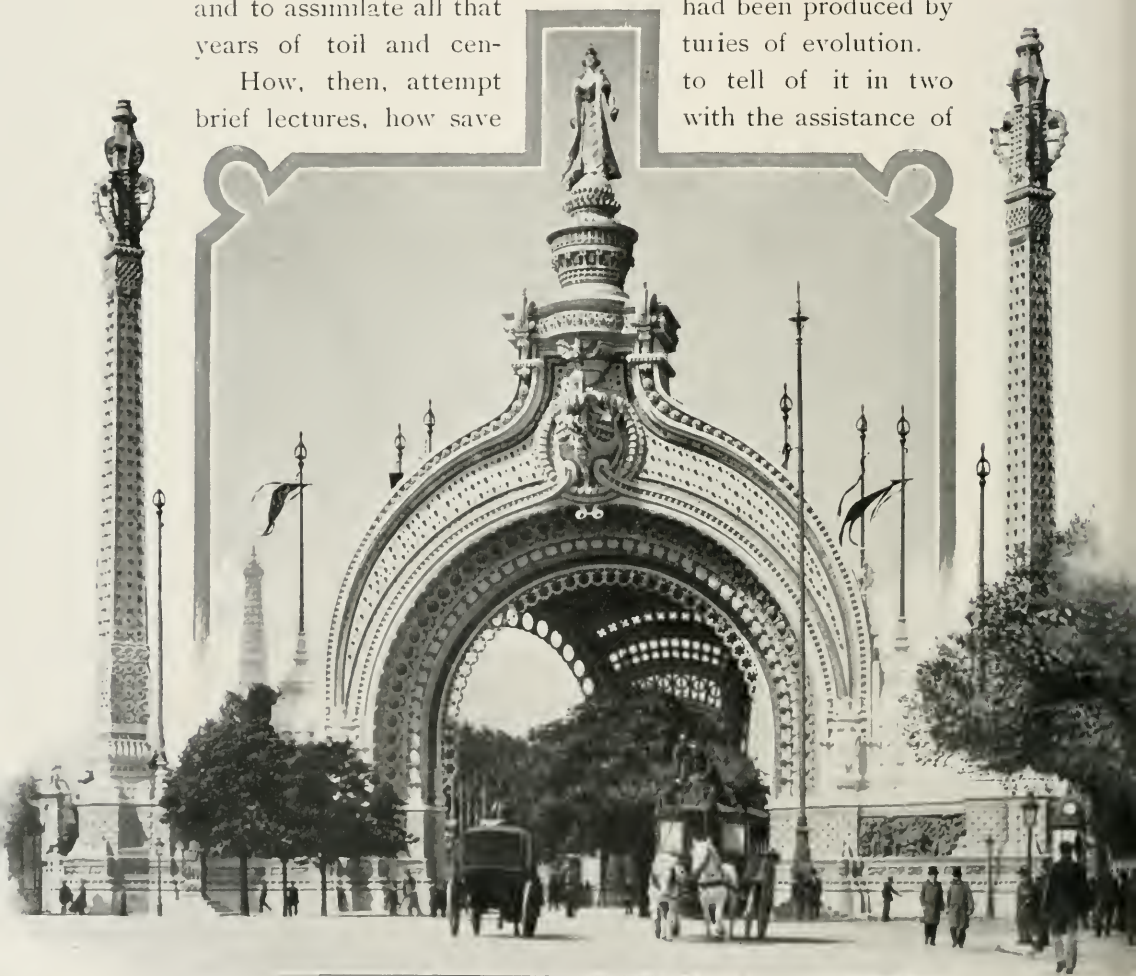
the world has added seven years to its long life ; seven modern years worth seven mediæval centuries.

The Universal Exposition of 1900, held in Paris, was a worthy manifestation of these seven years of progress.

It was magnificent. It was so vast that a hundred days did not suffice for the mere *seeing* of it. Even in the space of an entire summer, it was not possible for one to study and to assimilate all that had been produced by years of toil and centuries of evolution.

How, then, attempt brief lectures, how save

to tell of it in two with the assistance of



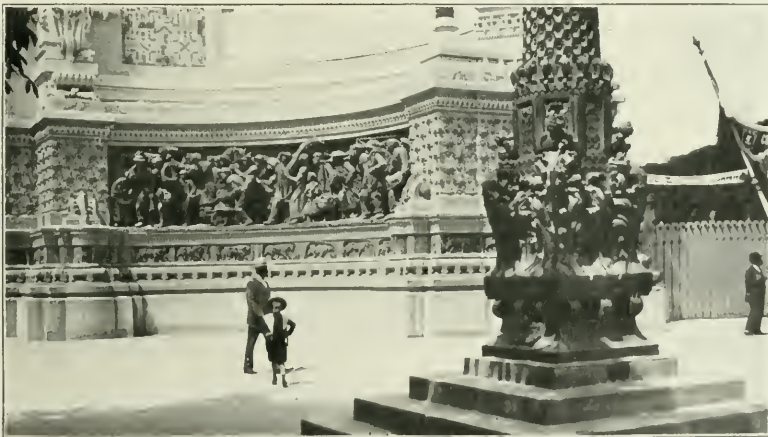
THE PORTE MONUMENTALE



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

pictures which speak more quickly, more compactly, and more comprehensively than the tongue?

The Place de la Concorde shall be our starting-point. From the terrace of the Garden of the Tuileries we look down on the square and note an unfamiliar aspect and an



THE WORKERS



GENIUS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

unfamiliar feature. Apparently, long ropes of pearls hang in festoons from lamp to lamp, as if this beautiful public place had donned a festal necklace and assumed a fantastic crown of gold and purple. The pearls are gas lamps, the crown is the great portal to the Exposition, the Monumental Gate, novel in conception, gracefully graceless, and harmoniously out of architectural tune. Conspicuously soaring above this spacious parallelogram, it was the object of no end of flip-

pant criticism. The Frenchmen described it in warm terms, calling it a "*Salamandre*," from its resemblance to a peculiar form of Continental stove.

An English artist on beholding it, exclaimed, "Designed undoubtedly to keep away the British public." Even Gallic gallantry failed to respect the unhappy lady perched upon the stove-lid. Her sculptor



THE BINET PORTAL, FROM THE BRIDGE



THE PURPLE GATE AT NIGHT

called her the typical Parisienne, welcoming the nations of the world. Her fellow-citizens disowned her, as unanimously as Chicago repudiated her "Christopher Columbus" on the Lake Front Park. But this monumental gate is in many of its details admirable. On either side are sections of a frieze in high relief, showing the workers of the world bringing to this universal competitive display the fruits of their industry and study. They press forward even more eagerly than the crowds who come to see and judge their



THE GERMAN INVASION



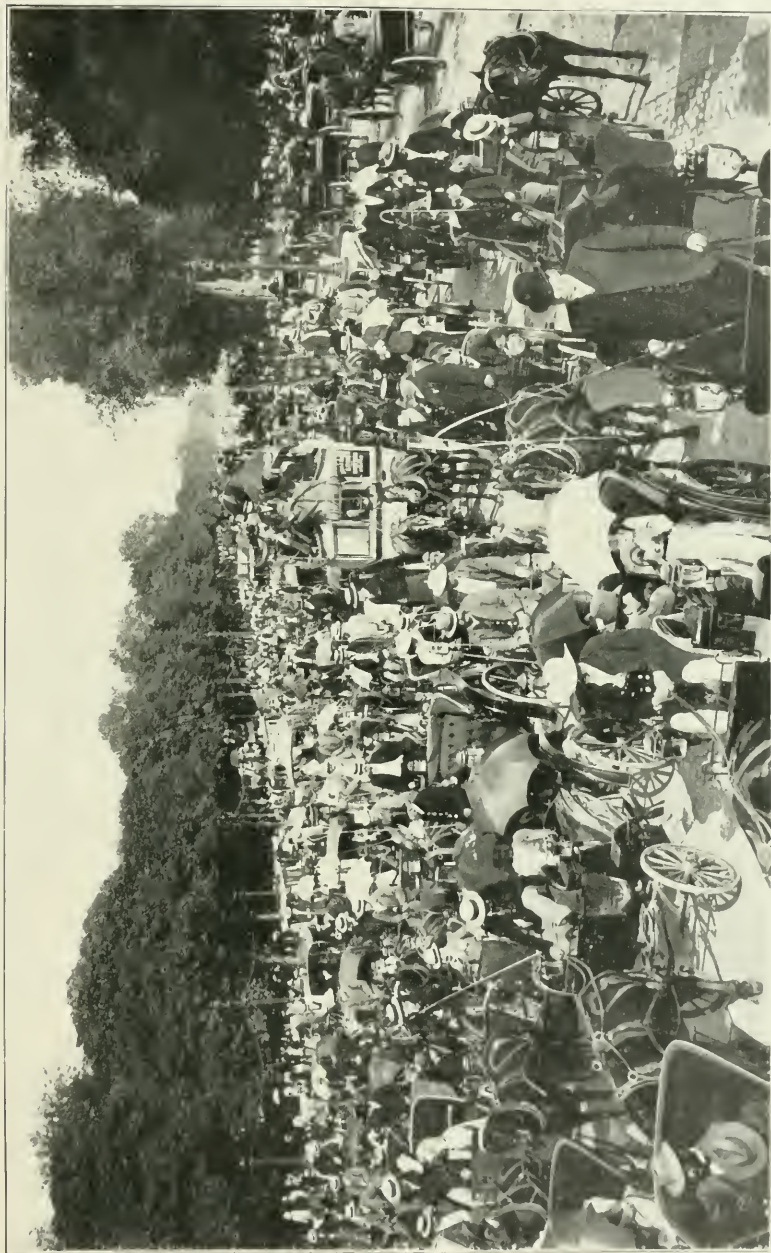
"VOS TICKETS, MESSIEURS!"

reflected in the shadowy Seine, the "Porte Monumentale" vindicates its architect. It wakes not only our astonishment but our delight and admiration. Though it is fantastic, as the entrance to an ephemeral wonder city should be, it is fantastic in a hitherto unknown way. As an attempt to give the old world something new, it is courageous, successful, and unique, and the Parisienne enthroned high above is, like a true Parisienne, much more attractive in the evening light. We should not be too hard upon Moreau-Vauthier, the sculptor, who molded her, because he gowned her badly.

products, for the visitors' attention is diverted at every step by some boldly novel detail or design. Unearthly goddesses, robed like Rider Haggard's "She," pose in two niches as the spirits of Electric Power and Electric Light. The tiny blue dots on the walls and panels, arches and minarets, are incandescent lamps, which at night soften the outlines of this weird creation with purple luminosity. Seen from the bridge, its royal glow re-



TICKET TAKERS



A JAM IN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

French sculptors are working in an unfamiliar, uncongenial field when they attempt to clothe the human form divine. Among the thousands of plastic beauties assembled at the Exposition, the lady at the gate is the only one who came provided with a trousseau. Let those who disapprove the tendencies of Gallic sculpture, respectfully salute her ere they approach the entrance wickets, which are designed to filter sixty thousand visitors in sixty minutes. To facili-



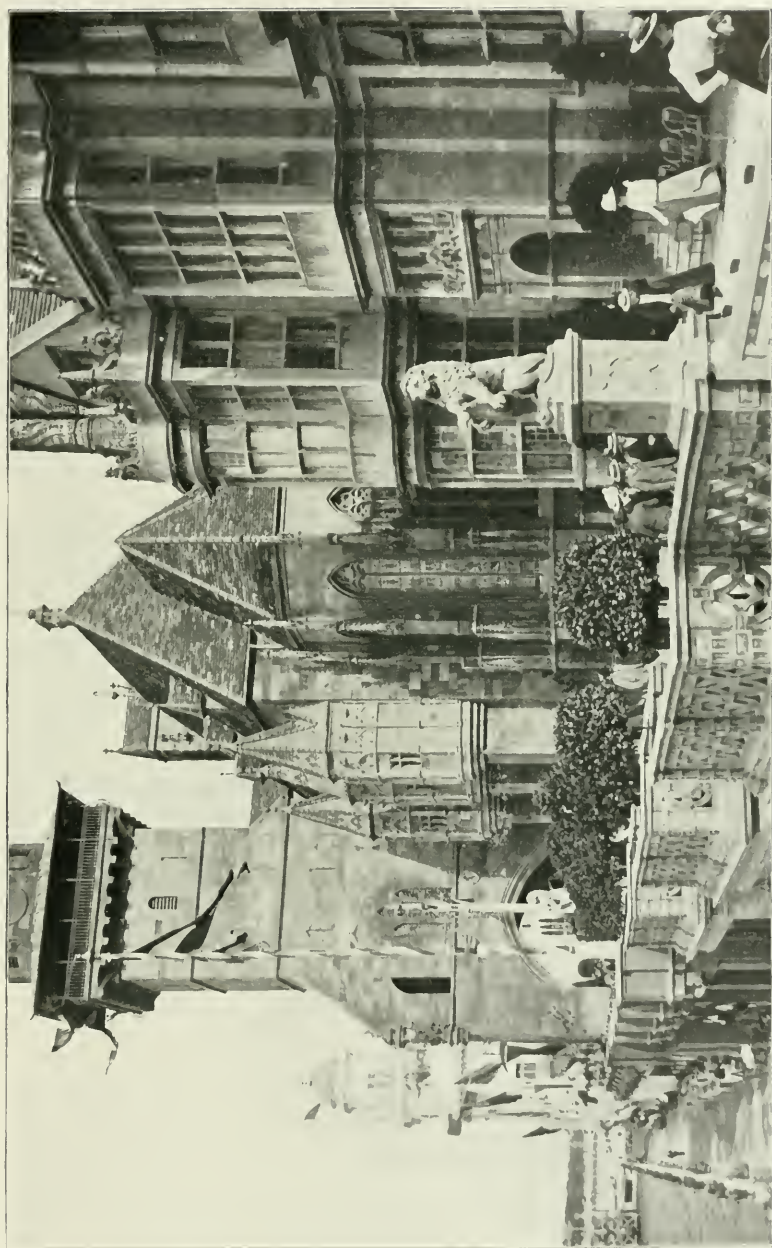
BUYING ADMISSION TICKETS

tate the ingoing of the crowds every provision has been made, save one — there is not a ticket-office anywhere in sight. The stranger, unfamiliar with the language, offers in vain all kinds of money to the gatemen. They will not take his money, but demand "*Ticket, monsieur,*" and monsieur, unable to buy or find the necessary "*ticket,*" begins to wonder how he is expected to break into the Exposition; and in search of information he wanders aimlessly away. He soon hears a familiar phrase, "*Ticket, monsieur?*" but this time the inflection is that of a supplication,



BLOCKED!

not that of a command. He sees a woman with a baby and a tired look — sometimes an old woman, or a ragged boy, sometimes a pinched old man, offering sheets of pale blue coupons to every passer-by, with a “*Vos tickets, messieurs, mesdames?*” “How much?” the stranger asks, and the price depends upon the stranger’s accent. If he says “*com-bee-ang,*” there’s no telling what price he may have to pay. The nominal value of a ticket is one franc, or twenty cents, but though the price fluctuates from day to day, it never touches par. We pay on sunny Sundays about fifteen cents, and on somber Saturdays tickets go begging at from five to seven cents. Late in the season the price fell even lower, and on the closing evening tickets could be had in any quantity at one centime each — five tickets for one cent. But as we turn into the Champs-Élysées, to seek another and more hospitable portal to the Exposition, let me explain that this loss does not fall upon the Exposition com-



HUNGARY AND ENGLAND

pany, but on the financial institutions and private individuals who bought the bonds to which coupons exchangeable for tickets were attached. In 1896 the Exposition issued bonds to the value of sixty-six million francs. Each bond, of which the par-value was twenty francs, entitled its bearer to twenty admission tickets, the right to a twenty-five per cent



THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES GATE

reduction in the entrance fee to every sideshow or attraction within the gates, reduced railway fares to and from Paris, and a chance of winning half a million francs in the Exposition lottery. Thus the Exposition realized its gate receipts and flooded the market with millions of admission tickets several years before the gates were built; for with these temptations and advantages attached, it is safe to assume that bonds were purchased by every loyal Frenchman: that,



THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES ENTRANCE

should we search the multitude caught in one of the blockades here on the Champs-Élysées, we should find in the pocket of every cabman and every passenger an Exposition bond and a bundle of tickets. Thus, with intending visitors supplied with more tickets than they need, and millions of tickets in the possession of the banks and speculators, it is not strange that there should be fluctuations in the market price.



GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS



NORTH WING OF THE GRAND PALAIS

At last, provided with a coupon, the stranger approaches the Champs-Élysées gate only again to be refused admission. "But why?" he asks, in desperation. "Here is a ticket. Why can't I get in?" The gateman's answer is that it is now only half-past nine. "Well, what of that?" the baffled visitor demands, only to learn that from the opening hour until 10 a. m. two tickets are required for admission. From ten o'clock till dusk one ticket suffices. In the evening the rate is again doubled, and on Fridays, the nights reserved for the aristocratic public, four tickets are demanded. Until these details have been grasped, the stranger will have trouble at



A FRAGMENT OF THE FACADE



A COLONNADE

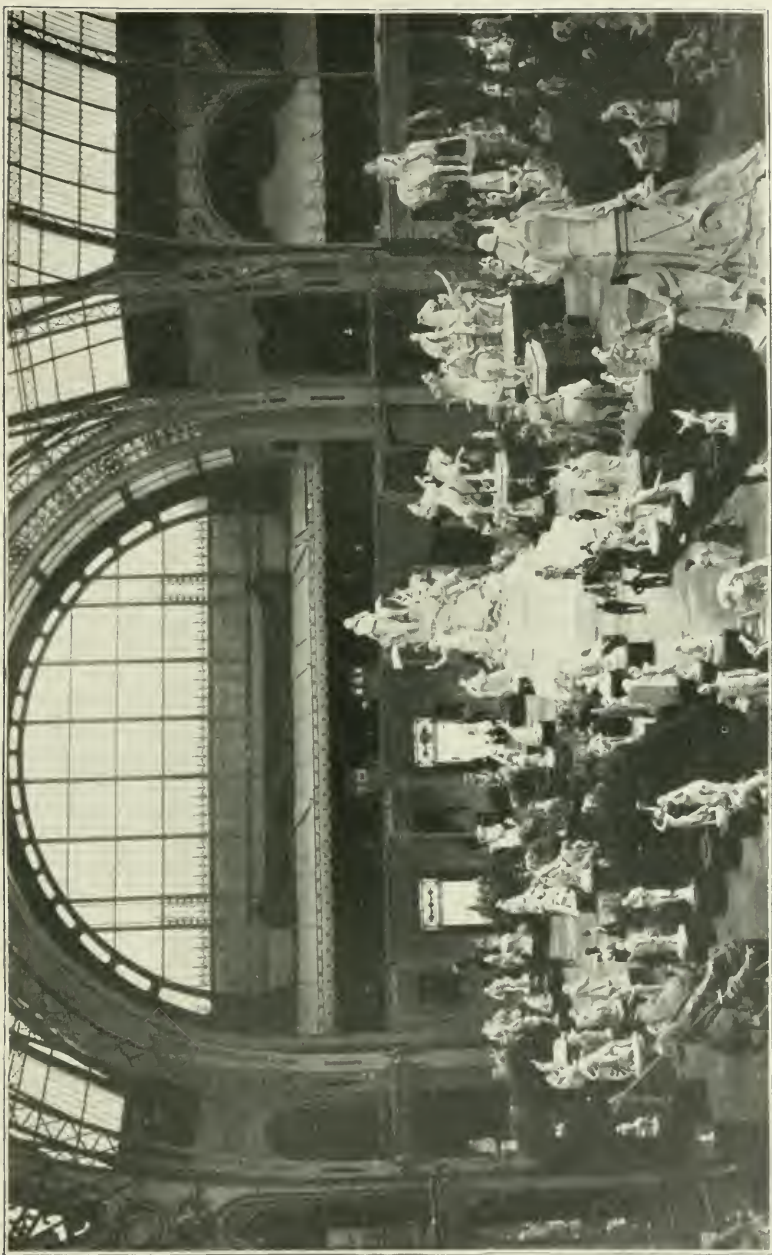
the gates. Let us, then, buy a ream of tickets, to be prepared for all emergencies, and before long we shall once more attempt to pass the ticket-takers.

But first let us inquire what is to be seen of the promised land from the Elysian Fields. A splendid unfamiliar vista greets us. The old Palais de l'Industrie, remnant

of the Exposition of 1855, home of the Salon for so many years, has disappeared ; a broad, fine avenue now traverses its



PORTICO OF THE GRAND PALAIS



IN THE GRAND PALAIS

site and leads the eye afar to the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, the resting-place of the great emperor. On the right rises the superb new palace, which will be the home of future Salons, on the left a smaller, daintier structure also dedicated to the arts. The larger palace, le Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, was reared as a monument "to the Glory of French Art." This magnificent construction of stone and steel and glass is not altogether faultless. The noble façade and the imposing portico, creations of the architect Degelane, are dwarfed and dominated by the swelling dome and arches



WEST FACADE OF THE GRAND PALAIS

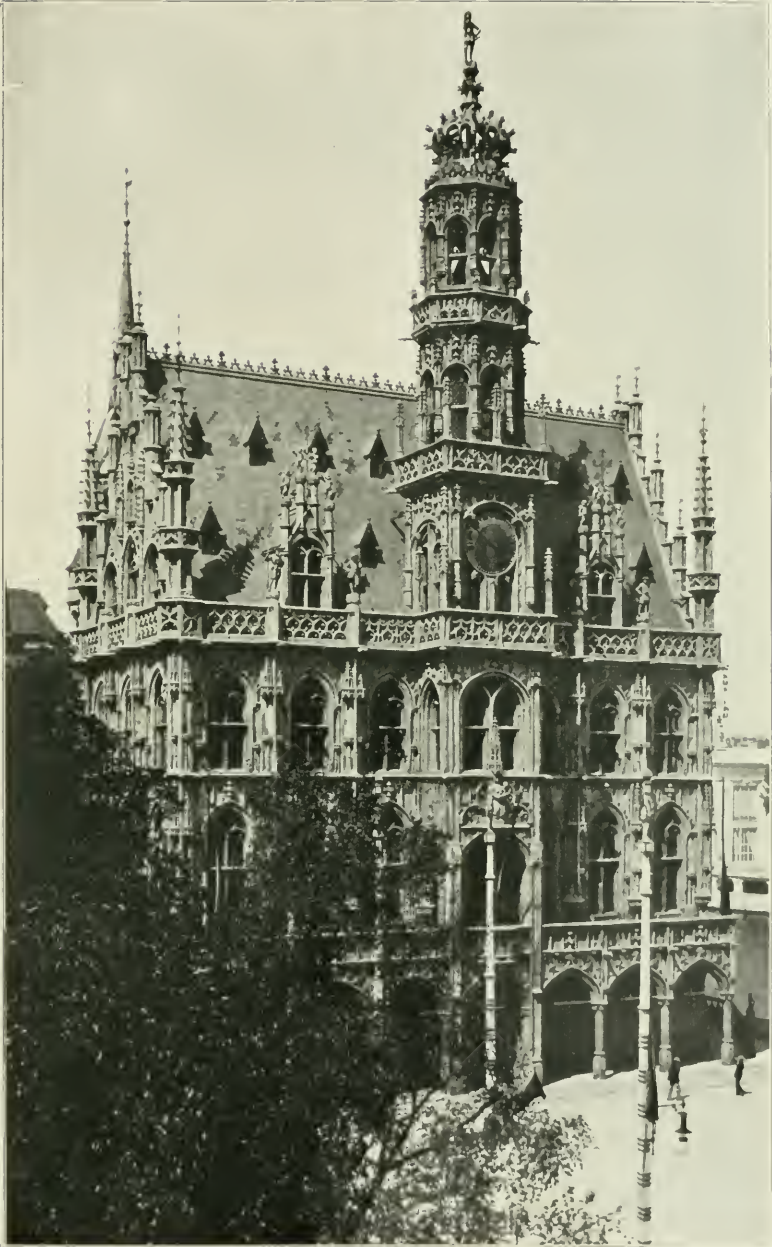
of the engineers. The scientific overwhelms and crushes the artistic. The modern structural masses of the colossal skylight rise like mountains of steel and crystal above the architectural lines of the Ionic colonnade, where nothing but the clear blue sky should rest. Between the columns we see fragments of a mosaic frieze, gorgeous in color, by which the great epochs of the world's art are glorified. Yet despite the presence of color and the lavish wealth of sculptural detail, the colonnade retains a grand simplicity and dignity.



ENTRANCE TO THE BEAUX-ARTS

What is more beautiful in architecture than a row of noble pillars, be they Ionic, Corinthian, or Doric in design? There is in every range of fluted columns an evocation of classic antiquity. As we tread the pavement of the porch, these columns, even in their youth and newness, seem to breathe something of the soul of Greece. They inspire vague longings for a breath of the pure air of Athens, for the warm touch of a ray of Attic sunshine.

The entrance portico, with its nude figures and its effective groups, brings us back to France. France to-day



BELGIUM

regards herself as the source of all artistic inspiration ; she holds her art supreme. Nor can we blame her. Do not even our sculptors and our painters, like those of European lands, seek in her schools and studios the instruction of her masters? do they not expatriate themselves to dwell in the artistic atmosphere of Paris? do they not send their best efforts to her annual competitions, to be measured



IN THE ARENA



THE ARENA OF SCULPTURE



IN THE ARENA

by her standards? Truly, France was not presumptuous when she reared this monument to the glory of her art.

The contents are worthy of the splendid envelope. There are two separate exhibitions of paintings. One is centennial. It is an epitome of French Art of the nineteenth



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

IN THE GRAND PALAIS

century, comprising early and late examples of all the famous painters of the nation. Private collections, churches, and provincial museums have been drawn upon for the precious pictures necessary to complete a comprehensive illustrated history of French art-endeavor from the year 1800 to the year 1890. The second exhibition, which occupies the main portion of the palace, is decennial, and illustrates the rapid

growth and advancement of Gallic art within the last ten years. A host of famous and familiar canvases, although adding to its retrospective value, take from it the atmosphere of novelty; in spite of many new compositions, we carry away a vague sense of disappointment, born of the fact that we have seen so large a part of this exhibition before, in other galleries or salons. More than half the space within the palace is given to French artists, the rest being apportioned among the artists of

all nations. I dare not lead you into even one of the allotted artists' States. As to the American, should occupying and an afternoon view of the best



RODIN'S "THE KISS"

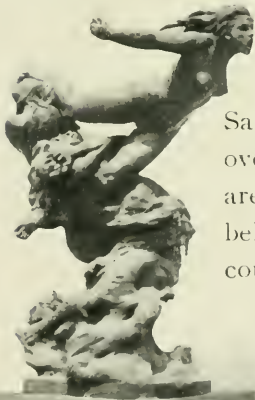


LA TEMPÊTE

Photo copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

six rooms all of the United States casual visitor can occupy a morning; a re-works would fill an evening's lecture. To single out a Whistler or a

Sargent would do injustice to the rest. Moreover, photographic reproductions of paintings are never wholly satisfying to the artist or the beholder. Therefore we choose the wiser course, and after casting a hasty glance at this ghostly assembly of marble personages, each worthy of an hour's patient study, we shall resume our promenade. I do not know how many pictures and statues there are within this temple of the arts, nor



THE TEMPEST

Photograph, copyrighted 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.



STILL THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

along the endless galleries, their pace, expression, and precipitation vividly recalled the image of a certain noted piece of sculpture — a bronze conception of "The Tempest." Still, we must ourselves sweep through the Exposition like a whirlwind if we would see it all in our allotted time. However great our haste, we gladly pause to pay our homage to a goddess immemorably old, but ever and

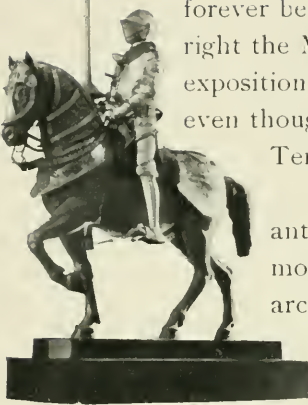
how many miles of canvas and tons of marble have been assembled here. I spent at least three weeks marching past leagues of walls, hung with masterpieces and mistakes, with loveliness and horrors, with the creations of sane-minded geniuses and of artistic anarchists. Some people tried to see it all in only half a day; and when we met them, tearing



MARC ANTONY



LE PETIT PALAIS



IN THE PETIT PALAIS

Photograph, copyright 1900, by
Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

forever beautiful and young, the Venus of Milo. By right the Milo Venus claims an honored place in every exposition, and we resent the placing of her image — even though it be but in a plaster copy — outside the Temple of the Arts.

We turn from this most perfect statue of antiquity to the most perfect structure of this modern exposition. The Petit Palais is the architectural gem of the Exposition. It contains the retrospective review of French Art Objects from the earliest ages down to the end of the eighteenth century. The larger palace, as we already know, being dedicated to the art of the nineteenth century, it is possible for us to trace the glorious progress of French Art from the crude naive productions of the early Gauls to the creations of Rodin and Puvis de Chavannes. France has sent the most precious of her treasures to grace for a brief season this marvelous museum.

"Why," a friend remarked, "I spent more than a year in an artistic pilgrimage all through the provinces of France to see the very things which I now find assembled in the galleries of this incomparable treasure house."

Should I attempt to de-



THE "PETIT PALACE OF FINE ARTS"

tail the contents of even one room, we should find ourselves at the end of the lecture still lingering in admiration near the first cabinet of enamels, gems, or chiseled ornaments of gold. Tapestries more valuable than carpets of pure gold are lavished on the walls—ecclesiastical riches from the sacristies of many famous churches fill huge cabinets with golden jeweled splendor. Vases and plates, the breaking of which would be national calamities, are ranged in



COURT OF THE PETIT PALAIS

reckless profusion on the shelves of crystal cases. No photograph can give an idea of the interior. We seem to be in an atmosphere surcharged with the wealth and artistic refinement of more than eighteen centuries. Even the admirable court, rich in marbles, mosaics, and bronzes, seems almost poor and simple to one who emerges from the treasure-laden halls, saturated with the sight of old-time riches, dazzled by the gleam of diamonds and rubies. We feel as if we were emerging from a visual shower-bath of gold

and jewels. Nevertheless the court is wonderfully beautiful, from the blue bordered pools to the superbly sculptured walls and portals. Yet we have been told that there was nothing at the Paris Exposition to repay the visitor !

This place offers every lover of the beautiful, weeks of intense pleasure. But we must hasten out through yonder vestibule into the broad avenue which bears the name of Russia's present czar. The vista across the Alexander



PORTAL OF THE PETIT PALAIS

Bridge, which should be the most imposing of the Exposition, is for some reason disappointing to the eye. The bridge, though so low as to be almost unperceived, were it not for its four pylons, rises just enough to obscure the horizon line, and to give to all the structures on the farther shore a depressed and insignificant aspect. But the fault lies in the low point of view, not in the building and the bridge. Could visitors march down the avenue on towering stilts, the inherent grandeur of the spectacle would be at once apparent.



IN THE PETIT PALAIS

It may well be called an Imperial Thoroughfare, for this fine avenue of Nicholas the Second, sweeping between the permanent art palaces, is carried across the Seine by the Bridge of Alexander the Third, and, after traversing



PYLONS OF THE BRIDGE



PERMANENT EMBELLISHMENTS FOR PARIS



THE LONG VISTA

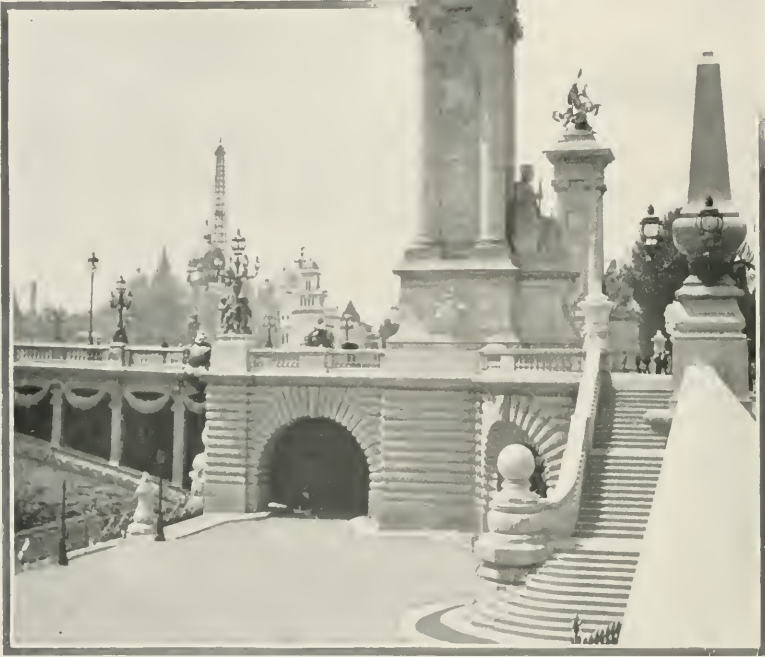
the Esplanade des Invalides, terminates at the Tomb of Napoleon the First. The bridge dedicated to the late Czar Alexander, father of Nicholas and friend of France, was flung across the Seine as a symbol of the alliance between the French Republic and the Russian Empire. Superb in every detail, technically a triumph of engineering genius, architec-



THE PONT ALEXANDRE III

turally a triumph of allegoric art, the Alexander Bridge will ever remain among the attractions of the French metropolis.

Thanks to recent progress in engineering methods and in the arts of metal, it has been possible to create steel arches long enough to join the two banks of the Seine, high enough above the surface of the river to



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SPLENDID MASONRY

clear the funnels of all tugs and launches, and low enough to keep the roadway on a level with the esplanades. Fifteen of these arches support the Alexander Bridge, and they rest upon foundations laid at a depth of more than sixty feet below the water-line.

To counteract the effect of the necessary flatness, two stately pylons rise at each extremity, crowned by heralds of

Fame and winged horses, all in gilded bronze. Four years of time and five million francs were given to the realization of this splendid project. Beautiful by night as well as day, is this brilliant bracelet on the curving Seine; and even though Parisians are made poorer by the Exposition, Paris herself grows richer in artistic monuments. The profit of Paris is represented by the Alexander Bridge and the permanent Art Palaces—surely a generous compensation for four preparatory years of

Paris was not
guests upon the
14 much re-

dirt, disorder, and delay.
ready to receive her
opening day. On April
mained yet undone, and

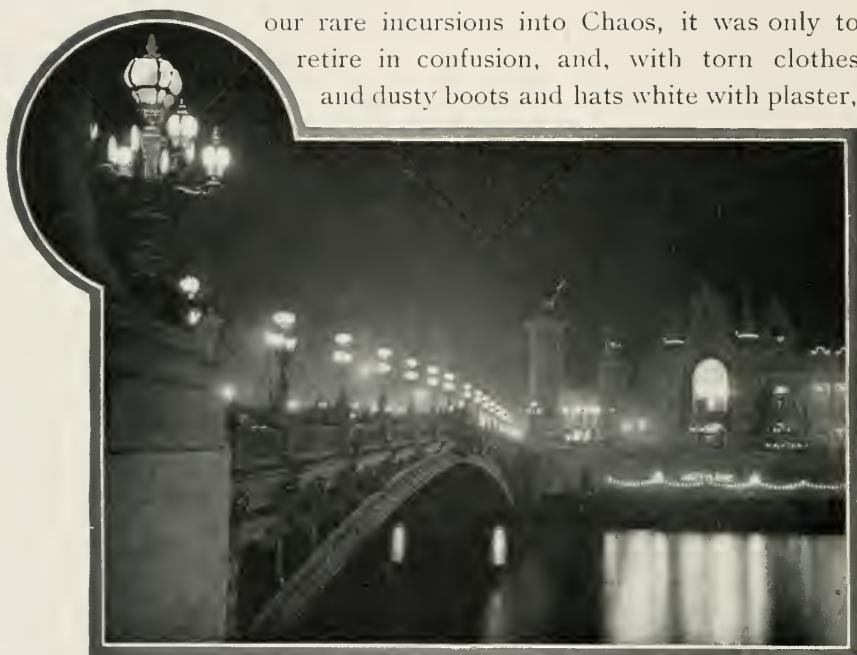


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ENQUISITE DETAIL

dirt, disorder, and delay, still remained during April, May, and part of June the most conspicuous exhibits. True, the huge palaces of Industrial Arts were externally complete, but the interiors were choked with unopened packing-cases and alive with working carpenters. During the first six weeks we scarcely ventured into a big building, and when we did make

our rare incursions into Chaos, it was only to retire in confusion, and, with torn clothes and dusty boots and hats white with plaster,



THE BRIDGE BY NIGHT

to return to the examination of the promising exterior walls and decorations. In time, however, order out of chaos came, and littered labyrinths were ultimately transformed into a broad-aisled universal bazaar, where all the nations of the earth displayed their decorative wares. The two great buildings bordering the avenue, although at first glance identical, differ slightly in design. One palace is the stronghold of the French exhibitors. Foreign nations have pitched commercial camps in the opposing structures.



THE "PROFIT OF PARIS"



ARCHITECTURAL PASTRY

Should I be asked what I saw in this bizarre white city, I must answer that it took me just ten days merely to stroll casually up and down its gorgeous aisles and interesting byways. How, then, attempt to give in a few brief words even a list of the objects that appealed to me? In the French section behind the frescoed walls



NATIONAL MANUFACTURES



BIZARRE DETAILS

there were the Gobelin tapestries and also the tapestries of Beauvais, the pottery of Sèvres, and, admirable above all the marvelous exhibits of jewelry and precious stones—an indescribable glorification of the daintiest of arts, grown daintier in the hands of the incomparable jewelers and *ciseleurs* of France. Turning from these almost sinfully lovely things, we cross a circular court



THE WHITE CITY OF THE ESPLANADE

to enter the Russian section, noting, as we pass along, the fountain of green tiles in which little cherubim are playing. Russia's most curious, if not her most artistic offering, was a map of France composed of semi-precious stones, with gems to mark the sites of cities. This was the gift of Nicholas to Paris. And as we swiftly pass from nation to nation we reach the graceful portal to the United States section. Above is a panel by Augustus Koopman, representing the Industrial Arts. It won for the artist a silver medal. A hurried survey of this section reveals American superiority in many lines; notably in artistic glass do we surpass the

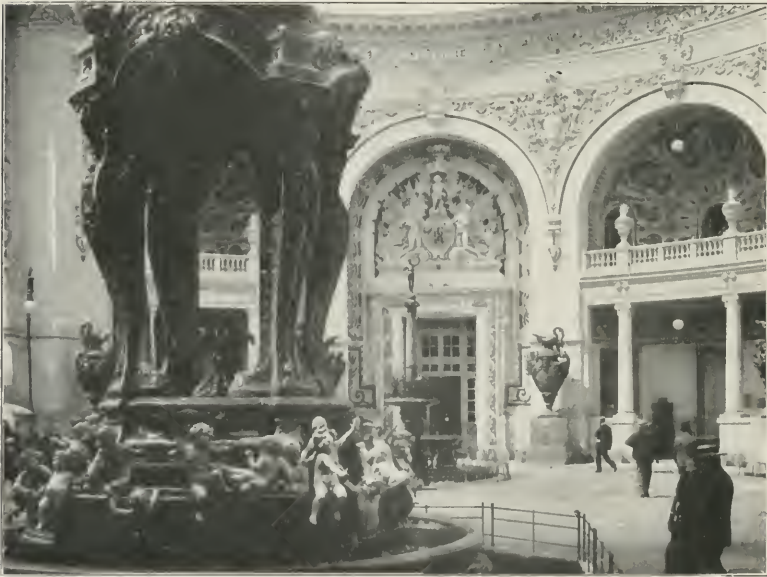


TOWARD THE DOME



TAPESTRIES

French. There is not space to go into detail. Suffice it to assert that truly the American departs as proud of his artistic artisans whose efforts made this section memorable, as of his painters and sculptors, who in the great Palace of Fine Arts deserved and won the first place among the foreigners. The space accorded us in this palace not sufficing,



A FOUNTAIN OF TILES



AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ARTS

American exhibitors constructed in the gardens bordering the rear wall of this palace, an annex, known as the Pavilion of the Publishers. The site was granted us on the condition that the trees which stood at intervals all over the ground be not disturbed. American ingenuity rose to the occasion. A



ARTISTIC GLASS

building covered the entire site, and all the tree-trunks are snugly boxed inside the hollow pillars, while the leafy branches spread above the arching skylights their sheltering masses of foliage. Here was published throughout the summer an Exposition edition of the *New York Times*. But lest we weary of the Exposition by attempting to see too much in one short day, let us dash away in a motor-carriage



FANTASTIC FACADES

to the Bois de Boulogne. We pass en route the new palace of the Count and Countess de Castellane. In the Bois we find a happy gathering of theatrical celebrities indulging in a *fête des fleurs*. The automobiles, armored with buds and blossoms, are manned by actresses, who wage a merry war with floral missiles.

We return to the town by little



PAVILION OF THE PUBLISHERS



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PORTE DES INVALIDES



THE PALACE OF THE CASTELLANES

river-steamers, noting as we approach the Tuileries a splendid unfinished structure on the left bank of the Seine. It is the Orleans railway station, *La Gare du Quai d' Orsay*, erected on the site of the old Cour des Comptes. The railway line reaches the station by means of costly subways, beneath the quais along the Seine.



IN THE PUBLISHERS' PAVILION



FIN DE SIECLE FÊTE DES FLEURS

Another new enterprise is the underground electric road called the Metropolitan. Its main line traverses Paris from the Bois de Boulogne to the Bois de

Vincennes, running beneath the Champs-

Elysées and the Rue de Rivoli. It is, in fact, the only really rapid system of transit in the city. Until the Metropolitan was opened, in July, the public had no resource but the slow trams and busses. To-day the passenger exchanges those stuffy rumbling vehicles for these swift trains, which glide through the cool quiet tunnel at terrific speed.



ACTRESSES IN AUTOS



THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER



THE ORLEANS STATION

Finding ourselves at the Vincennes terminus, far from the Exposition proper, let us devote a moment to the neglected Annex in the park of Vincennes to which the admirable machinery and transportation exhibits were exiled. The American Machinery Annex, built by the American exhibitors themselves, was a credit to their enterprise, and served its purpose well; for though the crowds did not come, prospective buyers found it possible to study our inventions at their ease. The exhibitors, however, led the life of exiles; so far as Paris and its Exposition were concerned, they might as well have been in factories at home. We sought out one young man, whose friends at home are picturing his summer at the Paris Exposition as a period of gay frivolity and soft



GARE DU QUAI D' ORSAY

repose, thinking of course that French workmen could be found to take charge of the big boilers sent over by his company and leave him free to wear good clothes and worthily represent the firm at fashionable functions and in gay cafés. But he did better, he represented the sturdy manhood of the young American, by sticking to his boilers and making them perform miracles of force and power. He did not wear good clothes and the names of gay cafés remain Greek to him. He saw less of the Exposition than the six-day tourists, but he himself is an exhibit that does credit to our nation, a type of the American who has resolved to do his work a little better than the other fellow. On July 3, a superb bronze of Washington was unveiled in the Place d' Iéna. It was the work of two American sculptors, Daniel French creating the figure of Washington, Potter molding the splendid charger. The monument, a gift of the women of America to France, is a token of a sister republic's gratitude.

With a proud, noble gesture, Washington salutes the nation that befriended his struggling people in the days of direst need.

On the following day the celebration of the last Fourth of July of the nineteenth century is made memorable by the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette, a gift of the school children of the United States, a memorial of that admirable Frenchman in whom, for us, French friendship is personified. Thousands of enthusiastic Americans witnessed the unveiling and applauded the sentiments expressed by President Loubet, Ambassador Porter, Archbishop Ireland, and Commissioner-General Peck ; other thousands, unable to gain entrance to the small enclosure, drowned the voices of the orators and even the strains of Sousa's Band, in a flood of patriotic song.

United States exposition guards, in their simple but effective uniforms, were conspicuous at all official functions ; nor were there more of them than were needed for the task of guarding the fifty-one sections of the American exhibit scattered in all parts of the grounds and in the distant annex



AN OPEN STATION OF THE METROPOLITAN

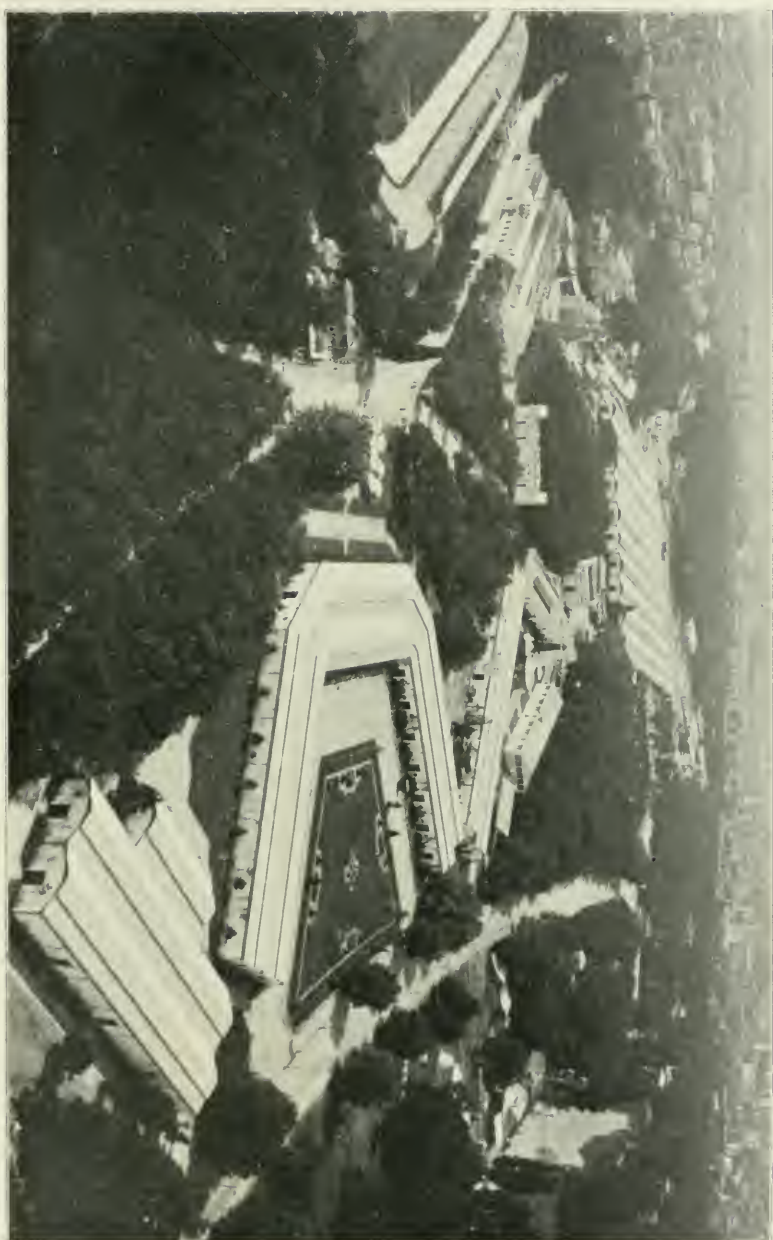


METROPOLITAN CAR

of Vincennes. Another uniform made familiar to the Parisians last summer was that of the members of Sousa's triumphant band—a band that set all Europe dancing the



THE VINCENNES TROLLEY



VINCENNES ANNEX, FROM THE BALLOON

American two-step, to the inspiring measures of "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

During the hot spell which Paris suffered in July, the city horses wore straw hats, and even little donkeys from the country, when they came to town bringing the farmer and his wife to market, knew enough to don *chapeaux de Paille*, adapted by means of perforations to their auricular necessities. For two weeks the temperature hovered in the



WHERE THE BALLOON CAME FROM



THE AMERICAN MACHINERY BUILDING

nineties. Paris grew dusty, dry, and disagreeable. The waters of the Seine became so thick and sluggish that when the Chicagoan looked on the historic river, his bosom swelled with pride.

The Chicagoan never rides upon his river, but the Seine is the great central highway of Paris and the Exposition; and as we speed beneath the Alexander Bridge, where the bronze Nymphs of the Neva and Seine salute the passing launches, let me outline the plan of our second promenade. The two grand divisions of the Exposition are linked to one another by two narrow strips along the river shore. We are, to-day, to "do" these long connecting links, beginning with the section on the left bank graced by the palaces and pavilions of the



AN EXILE AT VINCENNES



A "CROWD" AT VINCENNES

foreign nations. The first and most effective of them all is the Italian Building, a composite architectural paraphrase of those glories of Venice, St. Mark's Cathedral and the Doge's Palace. Seated in majesty upon the Grand Canal of Paris, Italy's national pavilion dominates, not only in size but in artistic worth, all the pavilions in the Street of



ENTERING THE ANNEX

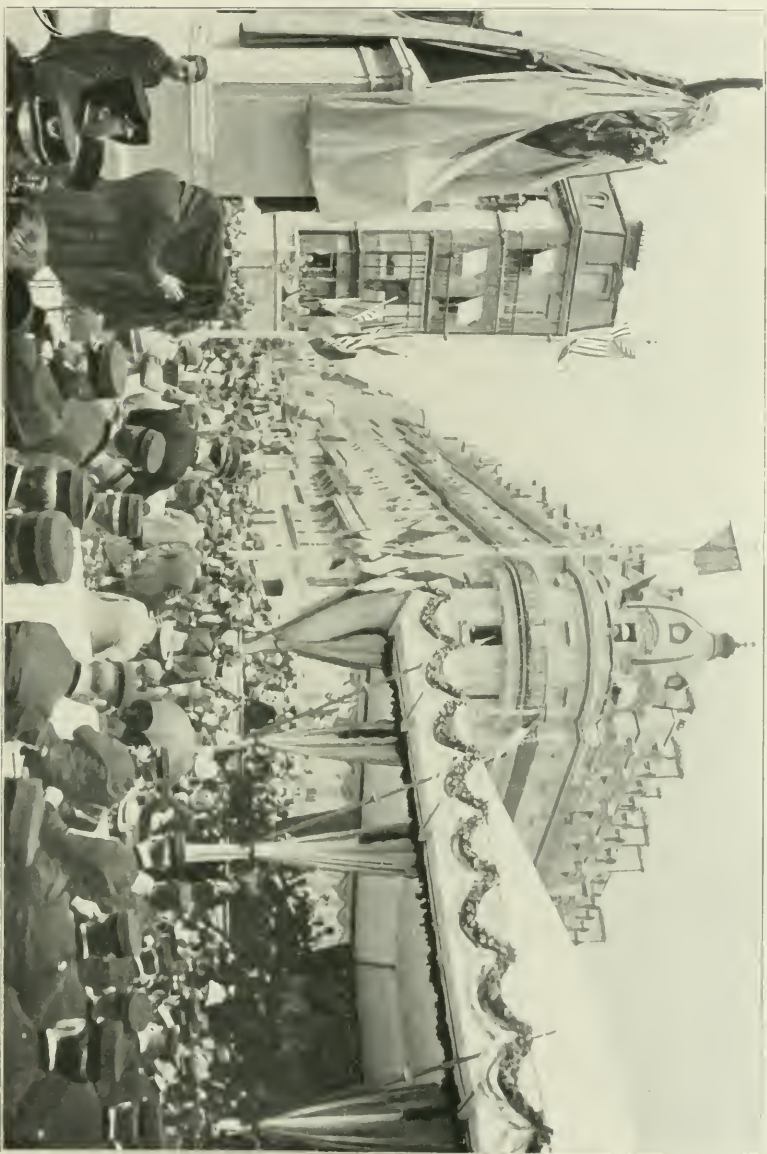
Nations. The exquisite detail of its walls and windows, the rich coloring of its mosaics bear even the closest scrutiny. And the interior, although used as a national bazaar, is dignified and rich in suggestions of Byzantine magnificence. A marble likeness of King Humbert and a portrait of his



BOIS DE VINCENNES

widowed queen recall the tragedy of Monza, and we ask again why individuals must be made to suffer for the sins of a system they are powerless to change?

The geography of the street of nations is hopelessly confused. To our surprise we find that Italy is bounded on the west by Turkey, and that Turkey encroaches on the frontiers of the United States. "Encroaches" is too mild a word,



DEDICATION OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

for the sultan's gaudy pile of plaster, with its swelling domes, elbows our classic construction into insignificance. True to the traditions of its Oriental land, it enrages the protesting American eagle on the dome, and annoys the horses harnessed to the chariot of progress.



" THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER "

The United States Pavilion has been criticised severely from the standpoint of art and architecture. Must we join in that chorus of condemnation? Is our American pavilion so inartistic as its critics have declared? Given a favorable location, with space for the development of the projected wings, and given a point of view permitting some perspective, would it not elicit praise rather than condemnation? Be-

neath the arch we see a copy of the Washington memorial statue, behind it the blue tones of Robert Reed's attractive mural decoration. We must admit that the interior is fearfully and wonderfully bad. It was amusing, in a sad sort of way, to listen to the comments of the discriminating few and of the uncomprehending many, as they marveled at the multiplicity of American shields, and vainly sought the meaning



READY!

of this ostentatious emptiness, in the midst of which a group of maddened horses are plunging in frantic efforts to escape. The horses have our sympathy. True, a model post-office stands for utility, and an army of leather chairs and sofas for comfort; but are these things a worthy expression of the genius of our people?

But let us fall back upon our most prominent exhibit, the people themselves. They were in evidence upon the



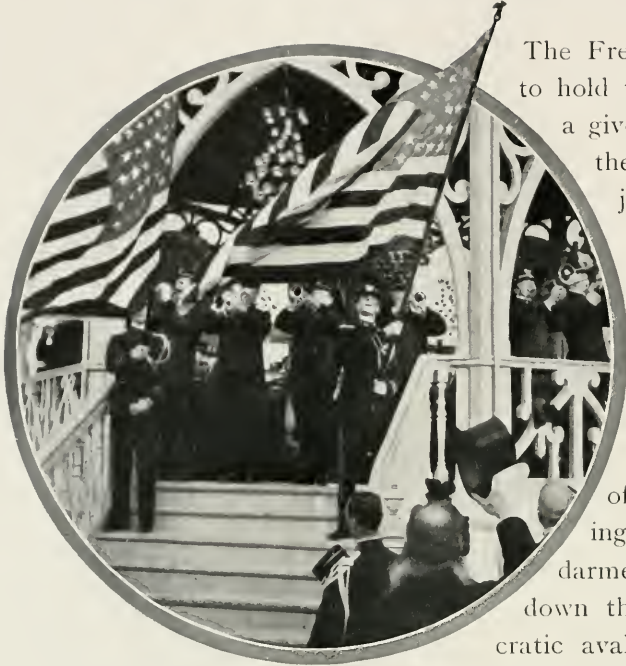
"VIVE WASHINGTON"

day of dedication. They came as an unclassified exhibit, which should be marked "A1," for they were the best-looking people at the Exposition. In this eager crowd we



DEDICATION OF LAFAYETTE MONUMENT

saw more pretty girls and pretty frocks, more handsome, wholesome looking men, more smiling faces, and more honest courtesy than at any other gathering in Paris.



The French police had orders to hold the arriving crowds at a given distance. To do so they were compelled to join hands and form a living barrier; but when our "March King" Sousa lifted his musical scepter, his eager subjects broke through that chain of little guardians of the peace, and sweeping the protesting gendarmes off their feet, rushed down the terrace in a democratic avalanche. Yet this was done in such good humor that

From photo, copyright 1900 by W. H. Rau, Phila.
THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER!



ITALY, TURKEY, UNITED STATES, AND AUSTRIA



THE GIFT OF AMERICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN

even the punctilious Continentals smiled to see the police calmly reform their line *behind* the crowd.

The American people found in their pavilion, if not delight of eye and æsthetic satisfaction, at least an atmosphere of democratic hospitality, in pleasing contrast to the repellent official coldness that possessed the guardians of the more tasteful palaces of many of the European nations.



"OH, MR. SOUSA!"



"C'EST MME. PECK QUI ARRIVE"

A great event at the American pavilion was the official visit of President Loubet. He is a short, gray-bearded man, with a face best described as kindly and sympathetic. He is always accompanied by M. Picard, the commissioner-general of the Universal Exposition, a tall thin man with sharp eagle-like features worn to a skeleton by the tremendous

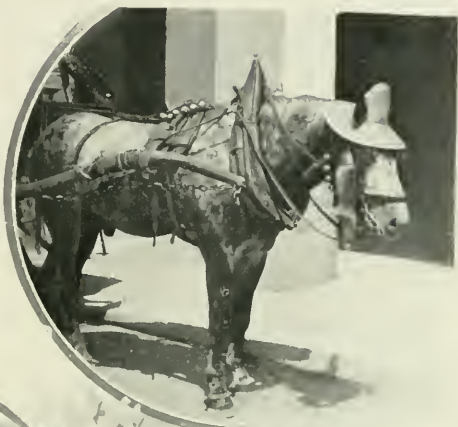


THE UNITED STATES GUARDS



THE SEINE

cares that rest upon him. Wherever the official cortège goes, there go the official photographers with their ladders and long tripods. We see them a moment later awaiting the presidential



exit from the Bosnian Pavilion. Between the pavilion of the United States and Bosnia-Herzegovina rises the Austrian palace. Its interior is furnished according to the curious decorative standards of the Viennese taste.

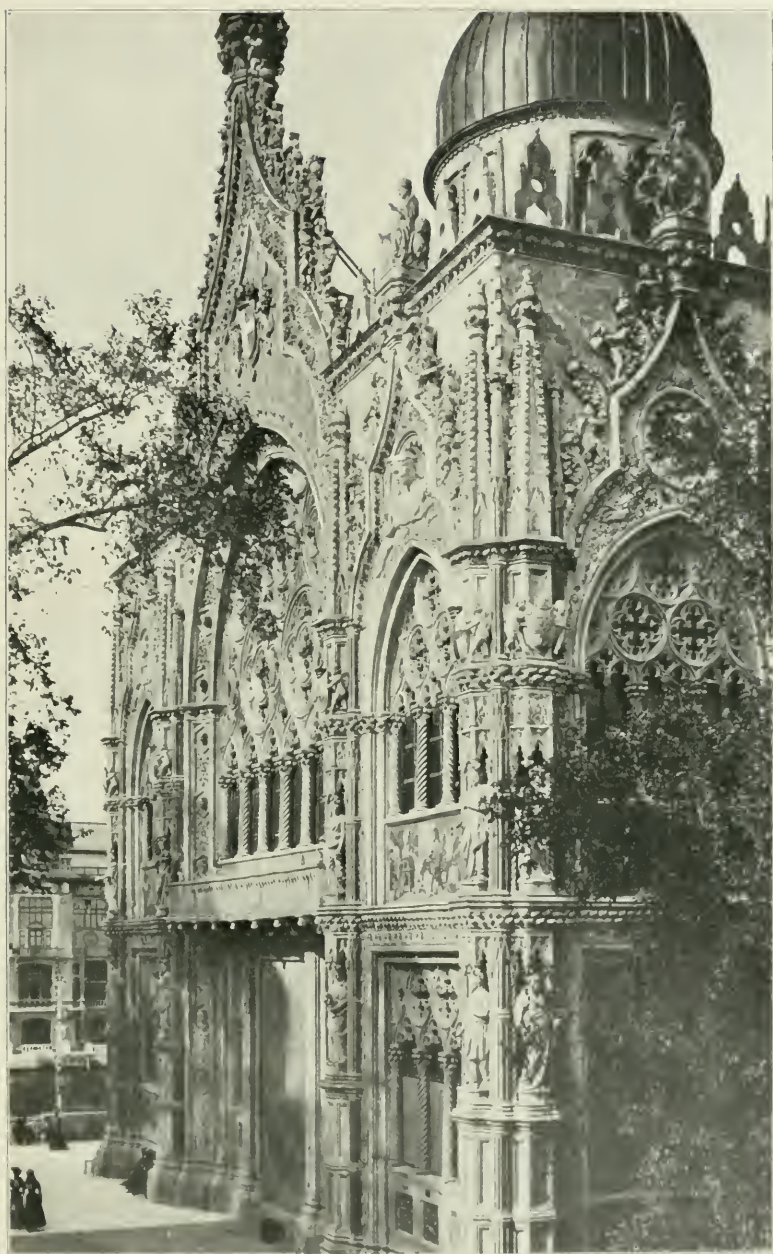


Following the broad terrace we pass beneath the archway of the Hungarian Tower, and find that another geographical hyperbole makes England a near neighbor of Hungary. An ideal home is Britain's offering to the Street of Nations, a dwelling, restful in design, irreproachable in taste, and unostentatiously magnificent. It is a replica of Kingston House, a manor of the seventeenth century. Upon



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A VISTA

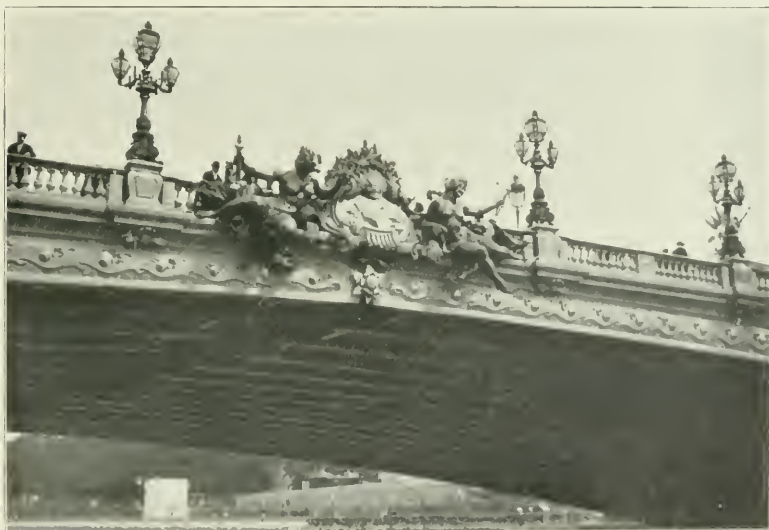


SUGGESTIONS OF SAN MARCO



ON THE SEINE

the walls of its exquisite apartments hang pictures by Burne-Jones, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner. In striking contrast to the sober British gray, is the bright blue of Persia's mosque-like palace. The terrace on the roof is an admirable point of view whence to look down on Bel-



RIVER SYMPHONY

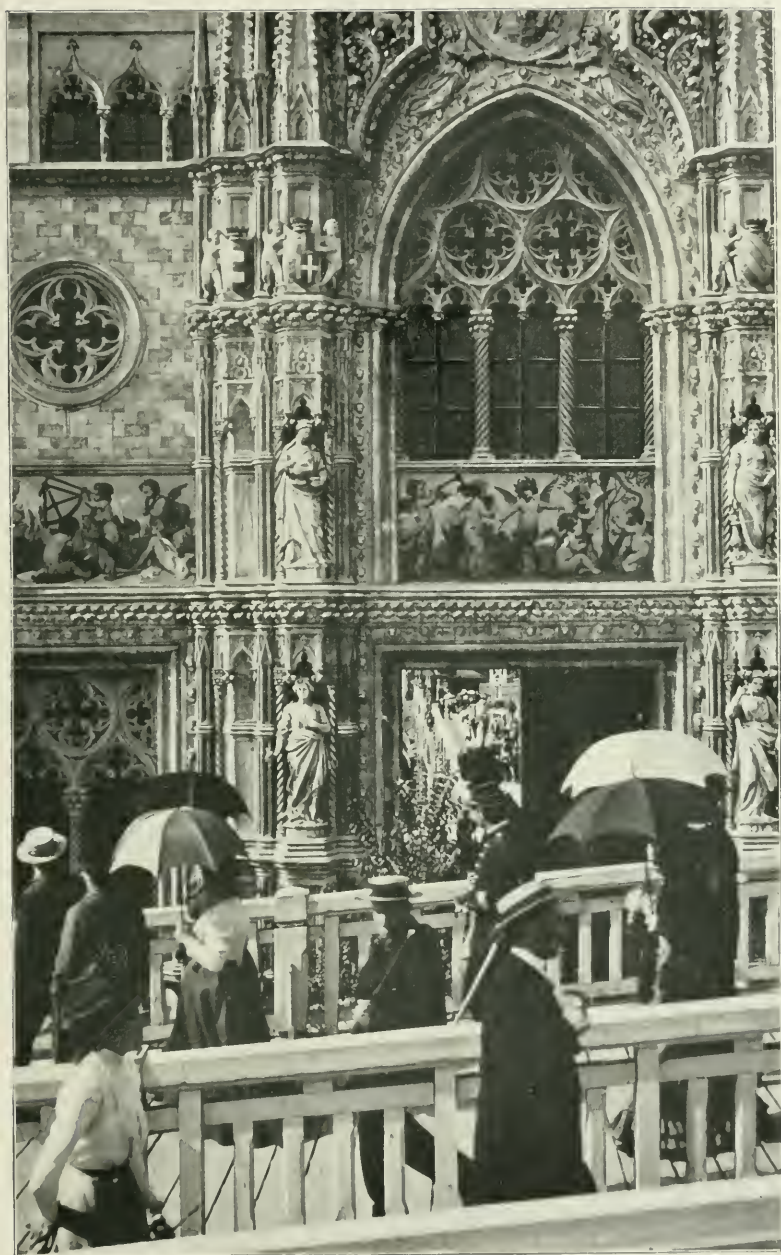


ITALY



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

ON THE PARISIAN GRAND CANAL



A BIT OF OLD ITALY



THE ITALIAN INTERIOR

gium's mediaeval city-hall, a faithful representation of the Hotel de Ville of the town of Audenarde. It was in these things that the Paris Exposition was most admirable. The artistic fragments of foreign lands were so grouped that one might travel round the world in half a day and breathe the atmosphere of a different country at almost every step.

From Belgium we skirt the coast of Norway to the banks of the German Rhine. Norway shows us a huge red cottage, filled with Nansen's trophies, and other things that tell of the North seas. Germany challenges our attention with a gorgeous structure, lifting an unmistakably Teutonic tower above the Gallic Seine. Genuineness was the keynote of every manifestation of the artistic and industrial genius of



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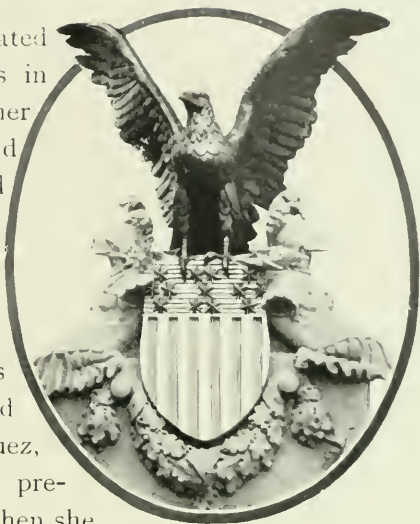
"HOORAY!"



ON THE TERRACE

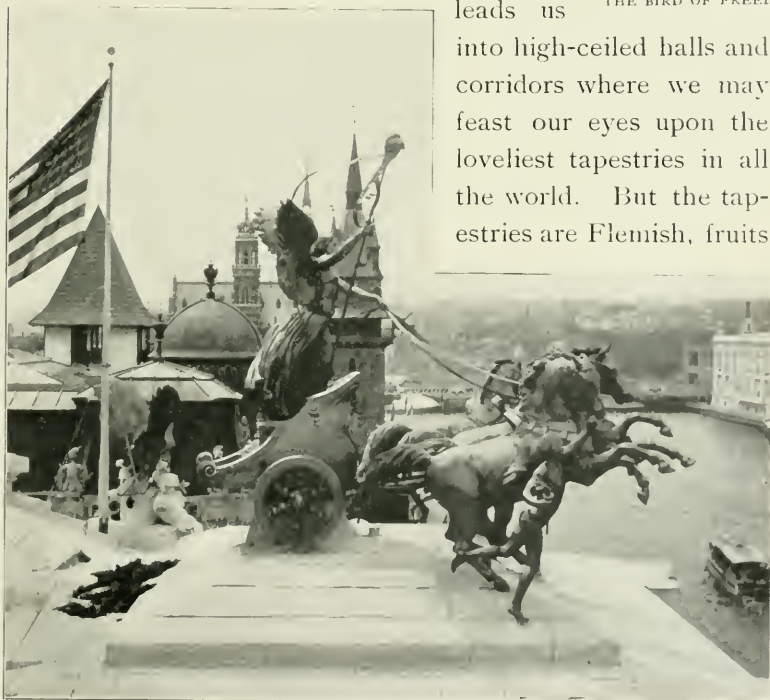
Germany. No other nation illustrated more convincingly its rapid progress in the last decade. While glorying in her past achievements, the Kaiser's land points resolutely to the future and dreams of greater things to come.

Not so with Spain, whose palace rises on the right. With quiet dignity Spain seems to say, "Behold what I have been!" She bids us enter a cold, almost vacant court, and do homage to a statue of Velasquez, whose pictures are among the most precious of her remaining treasures. Then she



THE BIRD OF FREEDOM

leads us into high-ceiled halls and corridors where we may feast our eyes upon the loveliest tapestries in all the world. But the tapestries are Flemish, fruits



THE CHARIOT OF PROGRESS



FAMILIAR SIGNS

of the Spanish conquest of the Netherlands. She shows us two or three superb fragments of chiseled, inlaid armor, and an incomparably dainty fan, thus evoking with eloquent simplicity the days when Spanish knight-hood was the admiration of the world.

Another step and we have crossed the



THE PHNOM PENH



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AFTER THE AVIATION



RIVERSIDE RESTAURANTS

frontier of the little principality of Monaco. We are surprised to find frivolous Monte Carlo represented, not by a gay Casino, crowned with a roulette wheel, and decorated with portraits of the King of Spades, the Queen of Diamonds, and the Jack of Hearts, but by a somber pile of stone, an imposing fortified château, rivaling in size the buildings of the largest nations.

It is a replica of the château of Albert, Prince of Monaco, whose kingdom, though apparently only a few square miles



GREAT BRITAIN



BRITISH "BOBBY"



THE UNITED STATES DOME
BY NIGHT

Sweden's brown freak of shingled turrets and balconies and towers serves to throw into the most pleasing contrast the modest Greek pavilion in the form of a tiny Byzantine basilica. Within, alas, we find exposed noth-

in extent, is infinitely broad, for the bottom of the sea belongs to him by right of scientific conquest. Albert of Monaco is a royal scientist. His oceanographic explorations have revealed to us many of the mysteries of that almost unknown continent hidden by the deep waters of the globe.



LA FERIA

ing but modern products—tan shoes and patent leather, dried currants and cheap wines. A few blocks of Pentelic marble are the only things suggestive of glorious antiquity. The Servian pavilion is likewise a church of Byzantine design. Mexico's contribution to this cosmopolitan array of



ON ATTEND M. LOUBET

palaces rises below the Bridge of Alma, and there are many attractive pavilions, notably those of Finland, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Denmark, ranged in a second row behind the more conspicuous palaces, which rise in friendly rivalry upon the terraced shore.

The lower terrace is one long, international restaurant, where it is possible to make a gastronomic tour around the



GERMANY AND SPAIN

world. We breakfast to the music of Hungarian gypsies ; at five o'clock we take tea to the tinkling of Neapolitan guitars ; we dine to the sound of the Servian tambouritz or usually amid the clacking of Castilian castanets. The restaurant called "La Feria," beneath the Spanish building, was by common consent the rendezvous of those who sought good cooking, gaiety, and noise. French chéfs, mandolin players



M. LOUBET AND M. PICARD



OUR MARCH KING



MEXICO

from Madrid, and dancers from Séville, provided delectation for the palate, ear, and eye. An evening at "La Feria" was an experience not to be omitted. Next door we



MONACO AND SWEDEN



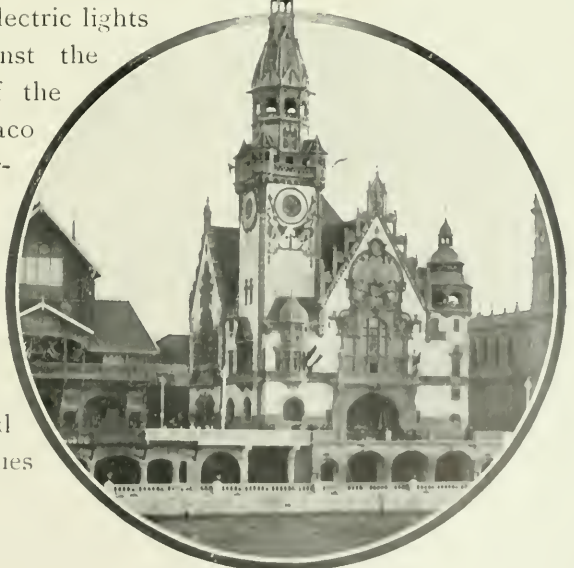
IN THE UNITED STATES PAVILION



PERSIA

find the German restaurant, more sedate but always so crowded to the water's edge. Interminable rows of tables stretch away in two directions, and at these tables people of every nationality are striving to appease an international appetite. But if by day we find this section pleasing to the senses, by night its fascinations are increased one hundred-

fold. Then thousands of electric lights outline every palace against the mystery and blackness of the sky. The towers of Monaco and Spain, the Turkish turrets, and the dome and arch of the United States stand out in luminous relief. The music of a score of orchestras comes to us in a faint universal cacophony, and the mingled murmur of more tongues



GERMANY



THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

than Babel boasted is wafted from this ephemeral cosmopolis across the silent waters of the Seine. But the placid Seine was not always silent and undisturbed. During the magnificent Venetian Fêtes, in August, processions of illuminated barges glided and circled and defiled between the banks, filling the night with glare of torches and lanterns and with the blare of trumpets and the sound of song and the sudden

SPAIN





GREECE AND SERBIA



SUNDAY CROWDS

brilliancy of pyrotechnic fires. In the distance loomed the twin towers of the Trocadéro, and over all, like the ribs of an incandescent umbrella, revolved the search-lights of the Eiffel Tower.



THE SEINE BY NIGHT



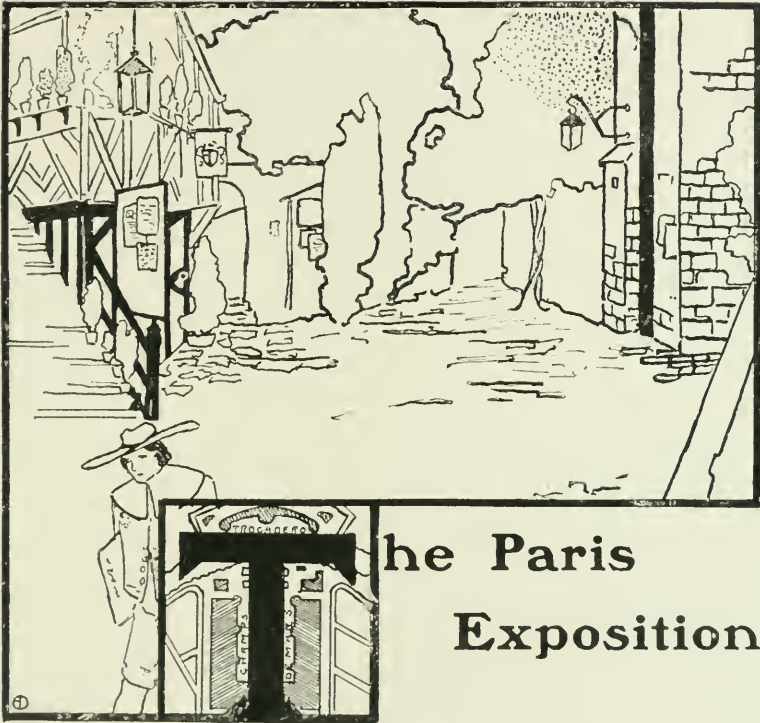
PARIS EXPOSITION
UNITED STATES BUILDING
(THIS EXPOSITION)



UNITED STATES BUILDING
(PARIS EXPOSITION)

PARIS EXPOSITION

II



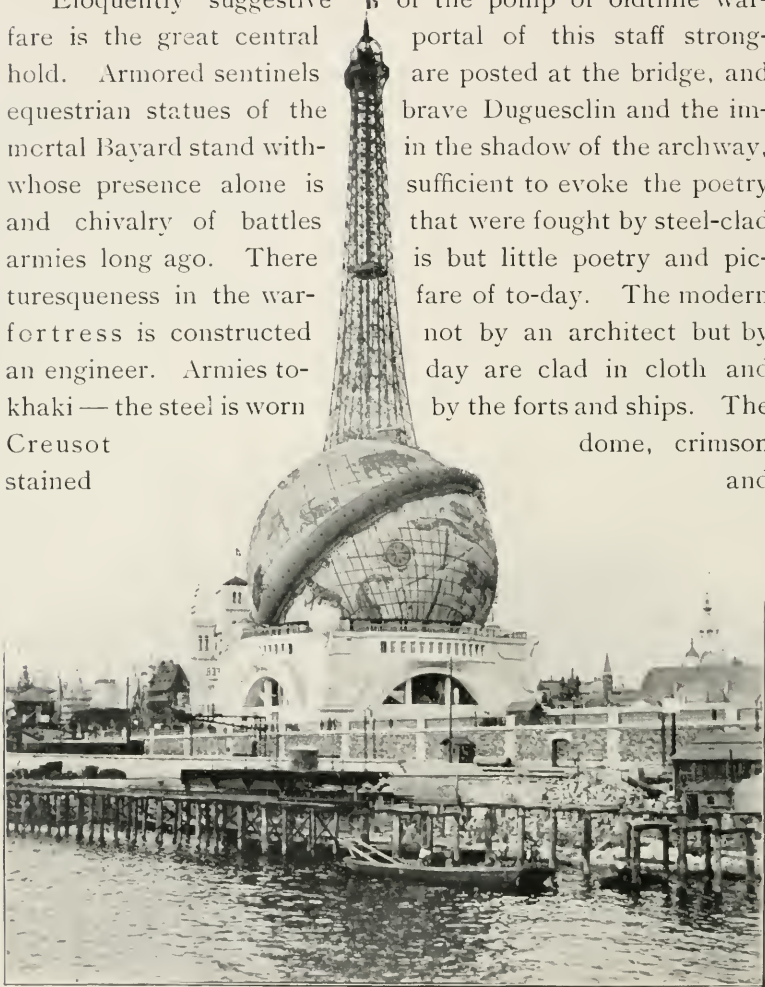
The Paris Exposition

FRONTING the Seine, between the Bridge of Alma and the Bridge of Jéna, is the long narrow "Palace of the Armies of the Sea and the Land." Strangely enough, the same roof shelters also the section devoted to Hygiene.

From the hall where the bust of Pasteur is enshrined amid the instruments that served him in his marvelous experiments, we may turn to the exhibits of artillery and warships ; from the life-saving, health-insuring inventions of that great benefactor of humanity, to the death-dealing contrivances used in war on land and sea.

Eloquently suggestive
fare is the great central
hold. Armored sentinels
equestrian statues of the
mortal Bayard stand with-
whose presence alone is
and chivalry of battles
armies long ago. There
turesqueness in the war-
fortress is constructed
an engineer. Armies to-
khaki — the steel is worn
Creusot
stained

of the pomp of oldtime war-
portal of this staff strong-
are posted at the bridge, and
brave Duguesclin and the im-
in the shadow of the archway,
sufficient to evoke the poetry
that were fought by steel-clad
is but little poetry and pic-
fare of to-day. The modern
not by an architect but by
day are clad in cloth and
by the forts and ships. The
dome, crimson
and



A NOVEL ASPECT OF THE EIFFEL TOWER

hideous, like a great gory menace, stands strikingly out amid the palaces of peace, an extremely discordant stain upon this Parisian Field of the Cloth of Gold, where a large majority of the nations of the earth are assembled to render unmistakable proofs of universal amity and love. It is the creation of the firm of Schneider



A VICTORIOUS FLEET



A STRONGHOLD OF STAFF

& Company, makers of the famous Creusot cannon, electrical apparatus, and locomotives. Behind its ugly, threatening dome runs the elevated moving sidewalk, one of the most amusing features of the Exposition. The Frenchmen called it a *Plate-forme Mobile* — there are, in fact, three platforms, the first is stationary,



THE WAR PALACE



ARMORED SENTRIES



LE CHÂTEAU D'EAU

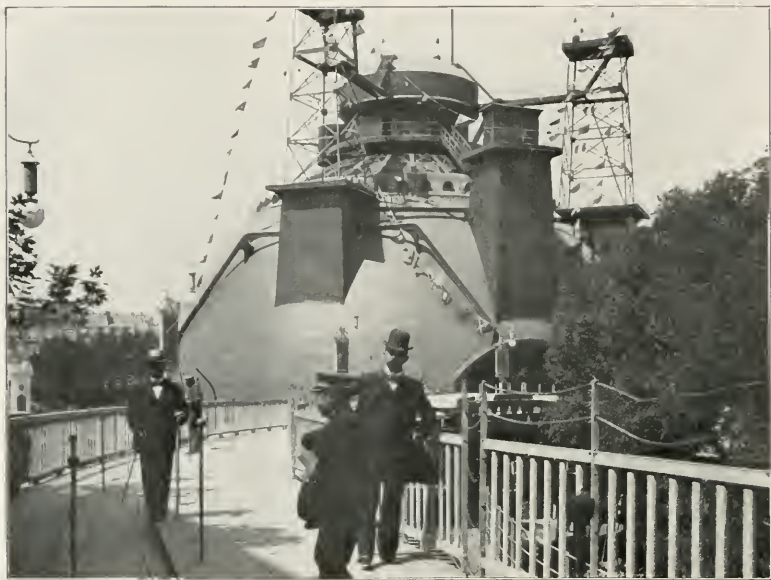


FATIGUES

the second moves at a pace equal to an easy walk, and the third rolls along about as fast as a woman in tight shoes can run. To step from the immobile platform to one plate-forme mobile, or vice versa, required little skill; yet nine women out of every ten, with that innate feminine impulse to face the wrong way, found it impossible to effect a



SCHNEIDER ET CREUSOT



THE MOVING SIDEWALK

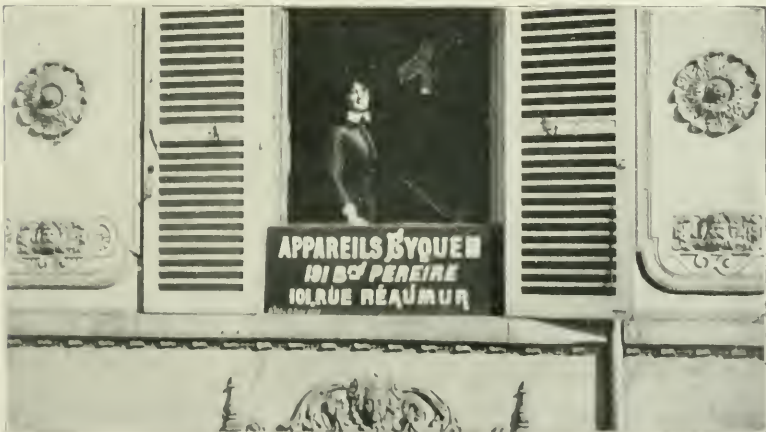


ON THE PLATE-FORME MOBILE



CREUSOT CANNON

change of base without a stumble and a shriek. Many of them, once upon the moving platform, remained transfixed, clutching a post, irrevocably swept on until rescued by some uniformed attendant. The movable sidewalk is continuous, and in the course of its meanderings, it carries us through a busy street on a level with the second-story



WAXEN SMILES

windows. Hence new and tempting opportunities for flirtatious Frenchmen. We think at first glance we have made a great impression, but the lady in the window is impartial, she smiles a waxen smile and waves an artificial hand at the endless tide of passers-by; so without regret we roll on.



ROLLING ON THE TROTTOIR ROULANT



PAVILION OF THE PRESS



GLIDING PAST PALACES



PALACE OF SOCIAL ECONOMY

A witty suggestion was made by our indefatigable ambassador, General Porter. During the season he was called upon to make a speech in almost every corner of the Exposition. "Why," he exclaimed one day in desperation, "should I write many speeches and deliver them to the same official audience from various platforms? Why not



LA RUE DE PARIS

prepare one speech, and deliver it in a continuous burst of eloquence, from the *Plate-forme Mobile*?"

Another name for this invention is "*Trottoir Roulant*." Now the verb *roulér* means "to roll," and when a punning Frenchman saw a group of English tourists plant themselves upon the rolling walk, he waved his hat and cried, "*Ah, bravo! — Roule Britannia!*" until Britannia's subjects had "rouléd" out of sight.



BABY SHOW

Having finished sightseeing on the left bank, visitors may cross a busy bridge and explore the narrow strip along the right bank of the Seine.

The simple, dignified white building is the Palace of Social Economy. It served as headquarters of the various Congresses of wise men and learned women which assembled in Paris during the summer of 1900.

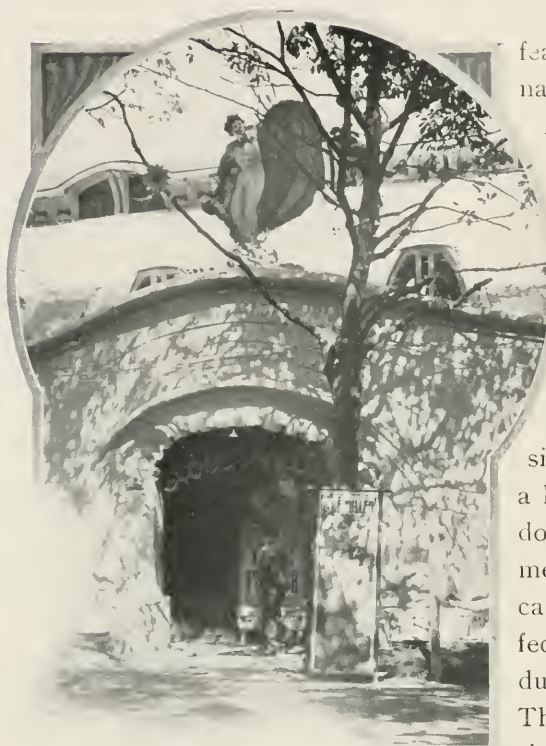
I fear that few of us attended those meetings of the sages. The sunny out-of-door attractions offered a temptation not easy to resist. Among these frivolous and superficial



CHICAGO NEAPOLITANS



"LA LOIE'S" FLYING SKIRTS



LOIE FULLER

features of the international kermess, the *Rue de Paris* was at first sight richest in promises of merriment. A score of tiny theaters were here with ballets, tableau vivants, cinematographs, and singers. There was a house built upside-down, a disappointment, by the way, because the inverted effect of the interior was due to mirrors only. There was an exhibition of infants confined in patent incu-

bators. It must be confessed that in attendance the baby-show had much the best of it, thanks to the magic words above the door, which even those who knew but little French could easily translate: "Admission Gratis." But after seeing the helpless little packets of humanity in their coffin-like glass cases, who could refuse to drop a few sous into the tray extended by a nurse. There were five or six similar baby-shows, all drawing large crowds and equally large contributions.

Near by we find an orchestra of costumed Neapolitans. After the inevitable, but ever-pleasing "Funiculi-Funicula" and the song of "Bella Napoli," the little boys pass round a tambourine for pennies.



Photograph by Byron

KAWAKAMI IN THE GREAT FIGHTING SCENE FROM "THE LOYALIST"



BONSHOMMES GUILLAUME

"Where do you come from?" we inquire in French.

"America," replies a boy.

Thinking this a ruse to loosen our purse-strings, we say in English, "Well, then, if you come from America, tell us just where you live?"

The younger boy pipes up in a familiar dialect,



ARMY AND NAVY

"Sure ting, we all lives in Chicago on de West Side, corner of Canal and Twelfth."

Another transatlantic feature is the little theater of our compatriot, Miss Loie Fuller, the creator of those dazzling dances in which the dancer seems to be an incandescent butterfly or an animated spectrum. No one could possibly mistake the Loie Fuller theater ; so expressive is the exte-



" THE HOUSE OF THE LAUGH "

rior design that we can almost feel the swish of flying skirts. It was the most successful enterprise in all the street, thanks to *La Loie's* luminous personality, and to her wisdom in engaging for the season that little company of players from Japan, who last winter astonished American theater-goers with their marvelous skill in every form of dramatic art, from grotesque dancing to the tragic drama, with death-scenes so intense as to be positively painful.



Photograph by Byron

THE JAPANESE PLAYERS - THE GEISHA DANCES FOR THE PRIESTS



FLOWERS AND FERNS

Italy, Yacco is the actress of the world." Even the seemingly grotesque dramatic methods of the Japanese could not dim the flame of genius that glows in Sada Yacco. As for her consort, Otojiro Kawakami, he is masterly in his portrayal of the heroes of old Japan. His stage contests in which he overcomes so many of his

Sada Yacco conquered Paris and won from even the most critical of Frenchmen the acknowledgment of the greatness of her art. One famous critic, speaking of the universality of her art,—its independence of language limitations,—said that "while Bernhardt is the actress of France, and Duse the actress of



GRACEFUL GREENHOUSES

enemies by means of "Jiu-jutsu" are the most marvelous stage fights ever devised. The Japanese players made the artistic success of the Exposition of 1900; all other entertainments offered on the grounds were commonplace and uninteresting.

Another interesting section of the right bank is the reconstruction of the Paris of the Middle Ages. It is as if the ghost of mediæval Paris had risen from the Seine to look from its quaint gable windows upon the Paris of the present. In its streets the people of to-day mingle with the people of the past; and well may we believe "there were giants in

those days," as we observe the gigantic figure striding at the head of a fantastic procession. The illusion of a vanished age is successfully created; the modern visitors seem out of place, while the costumed inhabitants harmonize perfectly with their surroundings. In the streets are theaters, taverns, churches, shops, and restaurants, and even strolling clowns and mountebanks



"OLD PARIS"



PEOPLE OF THE PAST AND OF THE PRESENT



IN THE PARIS OF CARANO'S DAY



performing in the streets. There is a printing-office whence issues the "Gazette of Old Paris," which retails in quaint type the news and scandals of the fourteenth century. The architectural studies for this reconstruction were made by Albert Robida, the archi-

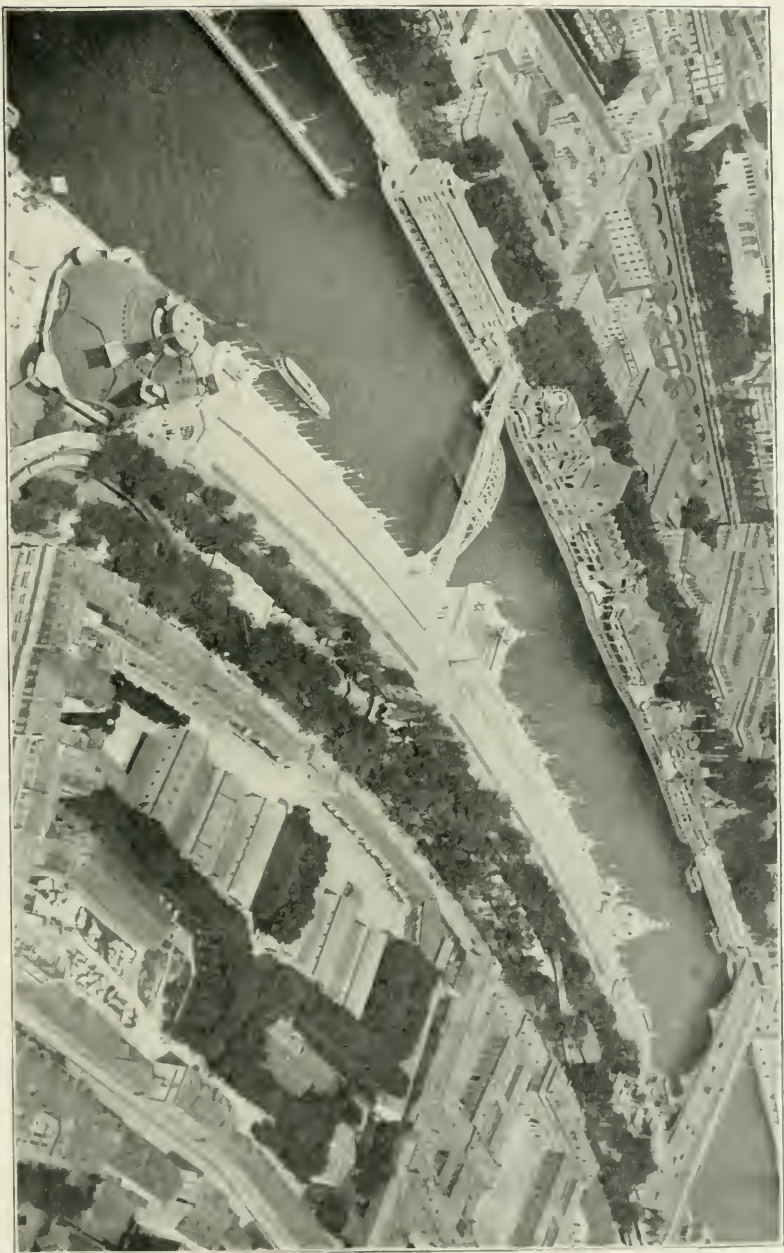
MEDIEVAL JOKERS

tect whose magic pencil has summoned from the past this vision of a Paris which had theretofore existed for us only in imagination. D'Artagnan or Cyrano de Bergerac would recognize in it the Paris of their day.

Below Old Paris we pass the large



"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS"



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

restaurant of the *Etablissements Duval*, and soon arrive in the gardens of the Trocadéro.

The Palace of the Trocadéro, a remnant of the Exposition of 1878, takes its name from a victory near the Spanish town of Cadiz in 1823, when a fort called the Trocadéro was captured by the French. In this section are found

the exhibits of Russia, China,

Japan, South Africa, the

French colonial pos-

sessions, and of the

colonies of several

European states.

Holland sends a

fragment of a sculp-

tured temple from

the island of Java,

and two very curious

houses from the

Pandang region of

Sumatra. Millions

of Ma-

lays



ENTRES MESDAMES!
MESSIEURS!

are ruled by the Dutch in the eastern archipelago that borders our new Philippine possessions on the south. The expositions of the English colonies are

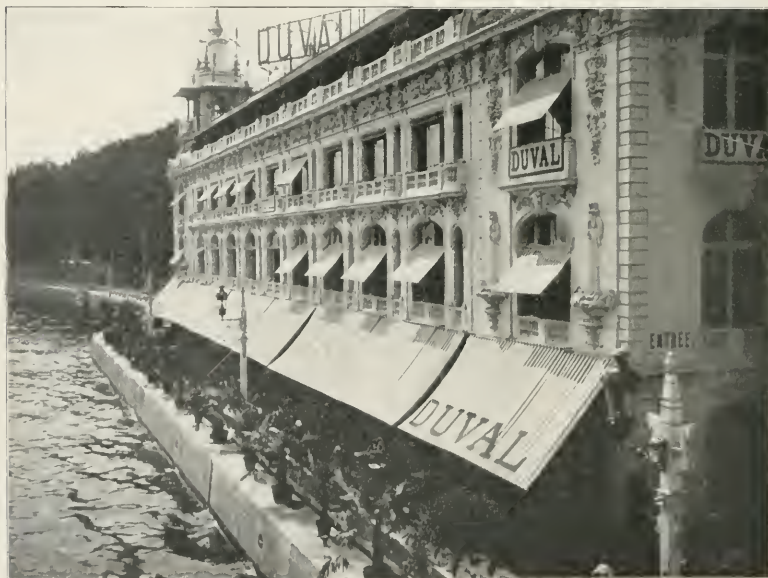


MOUNTBANKS



VIEUX PARIS

grouped around the turreted pavilions of India and of Ceylon. Canada and Australia display their admirable useful products



DUVAL

in pavilions that are utilitarian in aspect rather than artistic. Even the Japanese, most tasteful people in the world, have caught the fever for Occidental ugliness. Their tea-houses, which are *not* Japanese at all, retail Oriental beer, and their shops are stocked with the kind of trash that sells in big department stores. Even the Imperial Pavilion was built by European carpenters and lacks that indefinable something which gives incomparable distinction to everything truly Japanese. Opposite Canada's pavilion stands that of the South African Republics. By some strange coincidence the site allotted to the Boer Republic is upon the very border of the British colonial section. The Transvaal brings to Paris not only samples of its gold and its diamonds, but also a



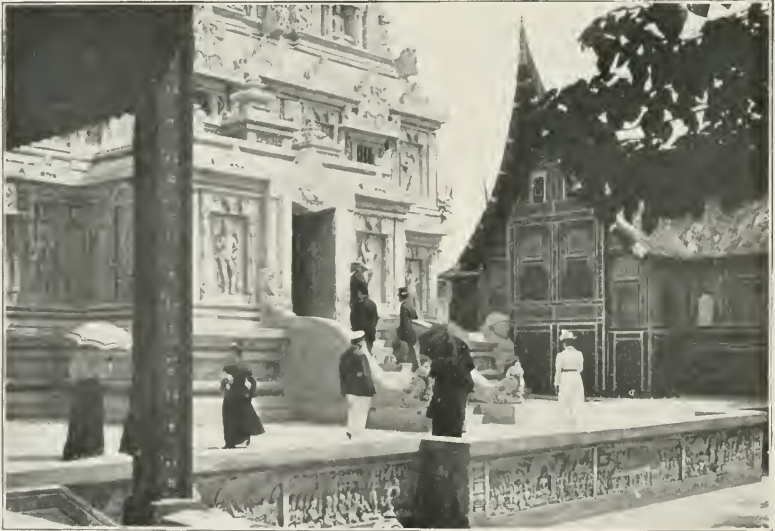
MARIONETTE THEATER

complete active illustration of the mining methods used in obtaining the four hundred million dollars' worth of precious metal represented by the towering pyramid she has here set up. The small cube at the base represents a brick worth a million francs. A veritable gold-mine has been created in subterranean corridors, lined with genuine ore brought from South Africa. We closely follow the ore through every process, from the first stroke of the drill or pick to the final molding into bricks.

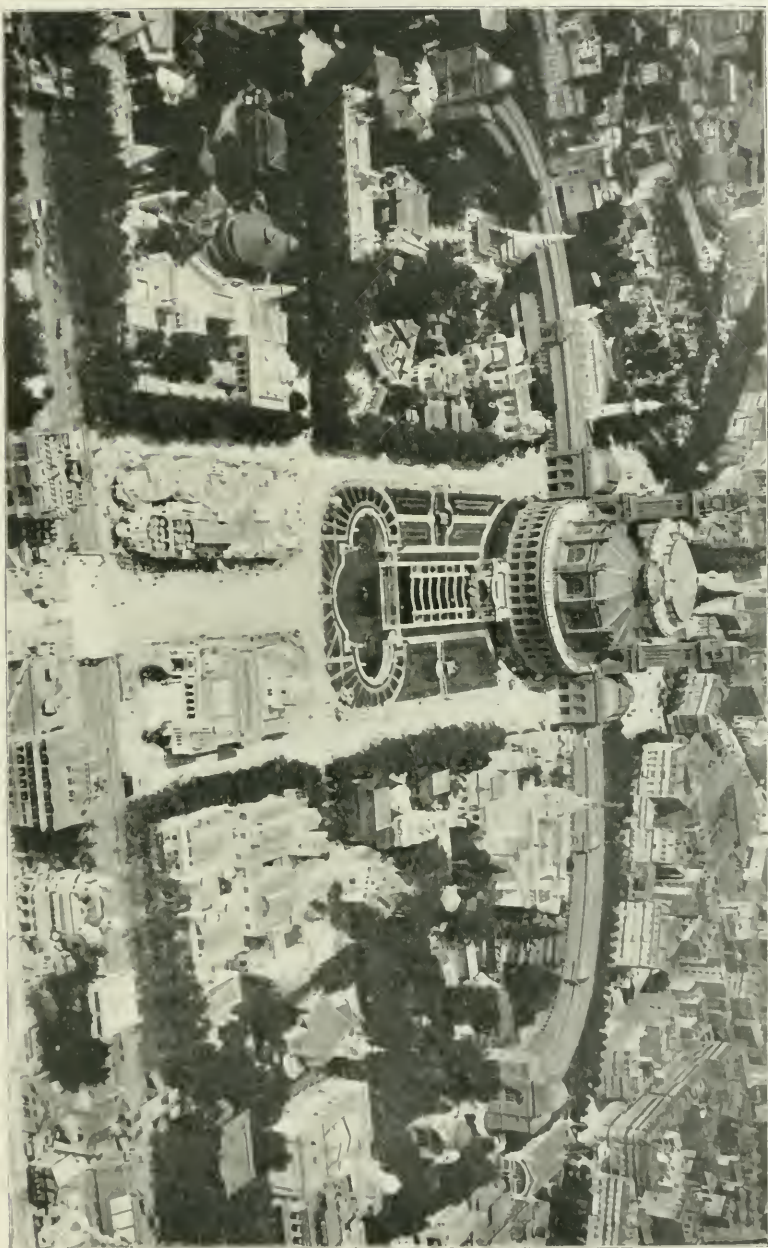


THE CELESTIAL GLOBE

From South Africa to Russia is but a step across this interesting "map" in the Trocadéro Gardens. Of Russia, France's chief ally, much was expected, and amply the czar's government has fulfilled the expectations of the French. The Russian Palace, a very imposing Kremlin, dominates this northern section, as Russia herself dominates the



A FRAGMENT OF BORO BODOR

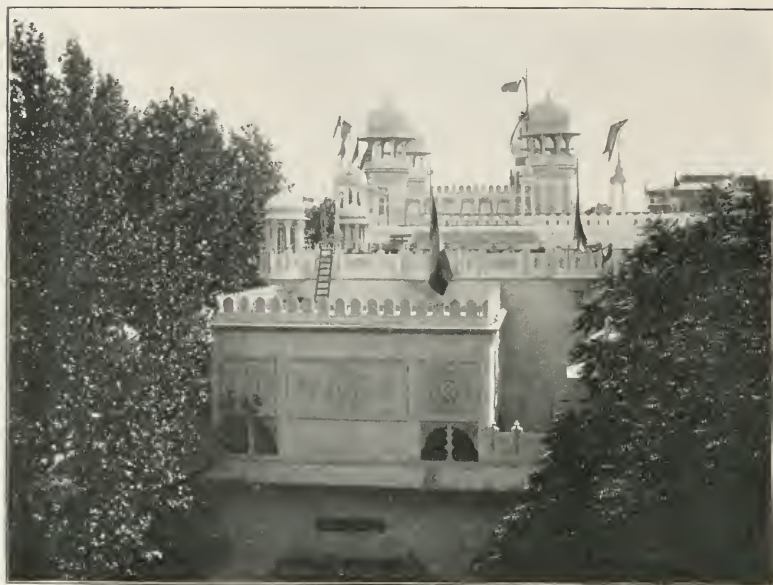


THE TROCADERO GARDENS

lands of the far west. But the one fact most strongly emphasized by Russia's comprehensive manifestation is the approaching completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway. "From Moscow to Peking," the motto written on the walls, signifies to jealous powers, "Eastward the Star of Empire takes its way." For just so surely as the Anglo-Saxon star advances westward, so does the star of the Slavonic race flash like a comet toward the east. Beware of the rain of fiery meteors when these hostile planets shall clash !



THE PONT D'JÉNA AND THE TROCADÉRO



INDIA AND CEYLON

In the Russia pavilion we make a mimic journey over the Trans-Siberian with the aid of painted panoramas which roll



FIVE-O'CLOCK

past the window of a stationary train. Suffice it to say that we lunch in luxurious dining-cars meantime glancing out upon the flying landscape, noting all the striking scenic features of the new railway route from Europe to the Sea of Japan. On issuing from the cars we find ourselves within the precincts of Peking. There is a deep political significance in the juxtaposition of the Russian and the Chinese



NOT AT ALL JAPANESE



CANADA

sections. We enter a Russian portal, we sit in Russian cars, and, without crossing any marked frontier, we suddenly discover that our surroundings are Chinese.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC



JAPANESE ACTORS



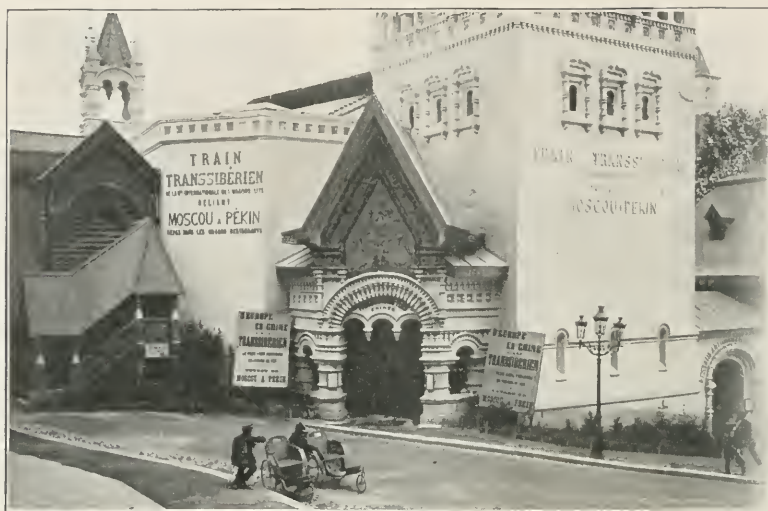
THE GOLD OF SOUTH AFRICA

with local color and steeped in exotic atmosphere. Algeria.

Approaching the French colonial section which may aptly be called the Parisian "Midway," we find the counterfeit presentations of its denizens ranged upon this wall. These are types of the inhabitants of all the colonies and the protectorates of France. And in the Trocadéro Gardens little fragments from their far-off lands are scattered, brilliant



ASIATIC RUSSIA

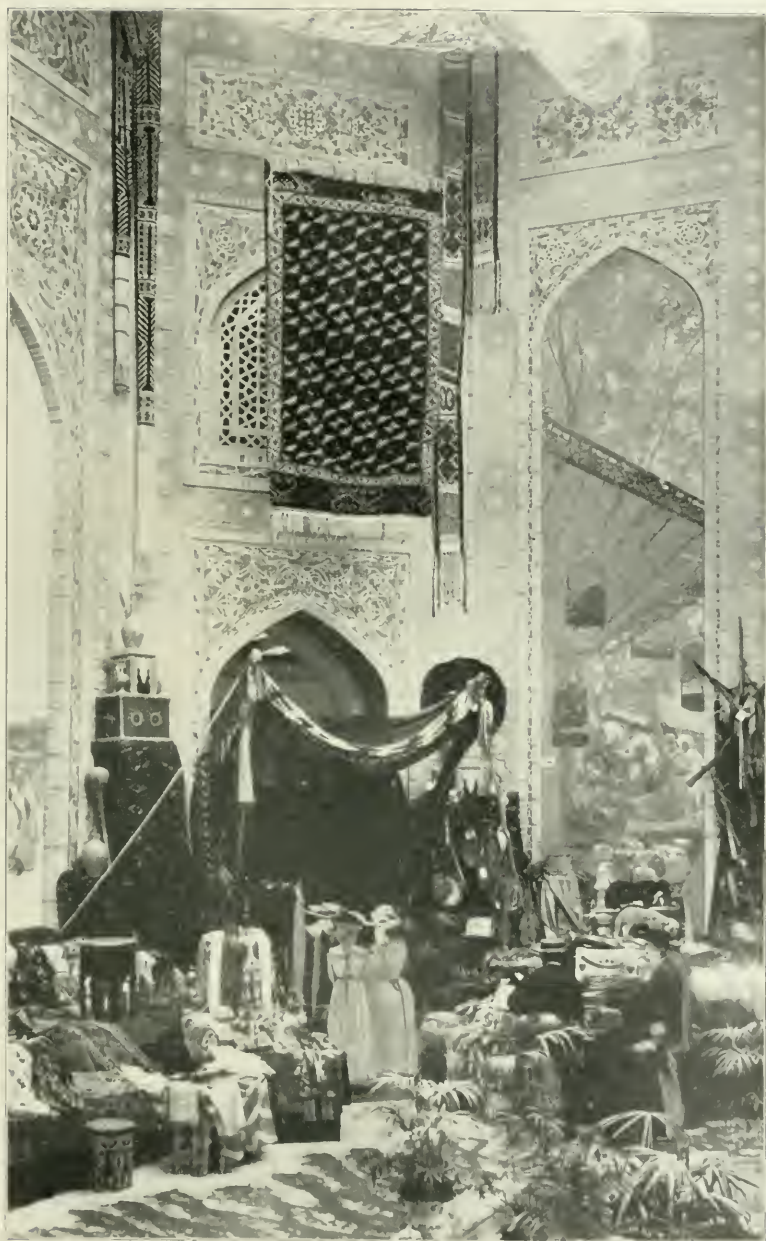


THE TRANS-SIBERIAN PANORAMA

the largest African possession of France, here lifts its graceful green-tiled minarets and its contrasting snowy domes.



PICTURESQUE CHINA



THE RUSSIAN ORIENT



PEOPLES RULED BY FRANCE

With a delightful thrill, born of the thought that this is not the first time that we see it, we enter the Algerian street ; we even recognize the wily traders who cheated us in the real African bazaars, six years ago. We hear the sound of Arab flutes, the chink of metal castanets, and the rhythmic wailing of the "Ouled Nails," who are dancing impassively



A PORTAL FROM PEKING

in neighboring cafés. Near by, the Protectorate of Tunis offers picturesque attraction to those who love the color and the quaintness of the Barbary States.

Behind the Trocadéro rises the panorama illustrating Major Marchand's heroic march through Central Africa, from sea to sea,—a march that ranks with the achievements of Livingstone and Stanley, and yet ended in the inglorious



"INDIGENES"

capitulation to the supremacy of England at Fashoda. Near here another panorama tells the story of the conquest of Madagascar, now a loyal possession of the French Republic. Nor must we forget the Asian Empire of France, for it rivals the African in extent and surpasses it in population. We scarcely realize that France controls vast ter-



AN ALGERIAN PATIO



ALGERIA



ALGERIAN STREET

ritories in the East. Her Indo-Chinese possessions comprise Annam, Tonking, Cambodia, Laos, and Cochin-China,

while in Siam French influence is dominant.

The name "Cambodia" has always suggested to me a land like those in which authors lay the scenes of Oriental comic operas; and judging from a fragment of that unfamiliar country, no more appropriate background could be selected for an extravaganza. A stairway steep as Jacob's ladder, bordered by fantastic dragons, leads to a temple in red and gold, surmounted by a yellowish mina-



CLICK !



JAPANESE ACTORS



PICTURESQUE ATTRACTIONS

ret. As we climb, we hear the music of the tinkly temple bells, suspended from the angles of the eaves. Below the



TUNISIAN BAZAAR

temple is a capacious grotto, apparently hollowed in the heart of a Cambodian mountain. Tremendous visages of unknown gods worshiped by the ancient races of Cambodia glower upon the intruder, as he descends the marvelous spiral stairway, leading into that sculptured subterranean sanctuary. Other gods bearing a family resemblance to the buried deities are found in the surrounding gardens. So perfectly



PANORAMA OF MARCHAND'S MARCH



THE CAMBODIAN TEMPLE



A GOLDEN BUDDHA

has the aspect of extreme age been simulated that the trees of the Trocadéro seem to hold the idols in a close snake-like embrace. We do not have time even to glance at the other colonies, the French Indies, Martinique, Dahomey, Soudan, or Senegal, for we must hasten on to An-



INDO-CHINA



A BUDDHIST LAOCOÖN

dalusia, if we would see Spain as it was before the Moors were conquered and cast out. We see the cavaliers of King Boabdil pitted against Spanish knights in gallant tournaments; we rest in patios where, confined by lacelike arches, the famous lions of the Alhambra stand at bay; we drink delicious Moorish coffee to the music of Moroccan instruments; and then, to wind up the visit gaily, we crowd into a gorgeous open-air theater and applaud the dashing Gypsy dancers from Granada, and finally, with tired eyes, and ears also in need of rest, we turn from these picturesque attractions and seek repose in the contemplation of the fountains of the Trocadéro.

From the east tower of the Palace of the Trocadéro we may enjoy splendid views of the Exposition. The Seine curves toward the east, bordered by the War Palace and the Street of Nations on one side and Old Paris and the Rue de Paris on the other. In the distance a white line clearly marks the Esplanade des Inva-



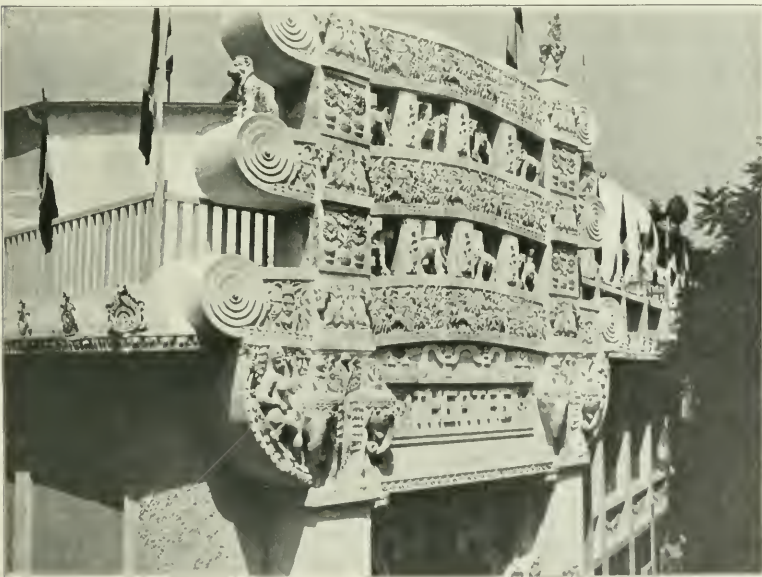
CAMBODIAN DEITIES



A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

lides. Toward the west the Seine rolls away between the suburbs of Grenelle and Passy. The Grands Hotels du Trocadéro rise in the middle distance, and the Cambodian Temple lies in the foreground, half encircled by the right arm of the Trocadéro gallery. Toward the south the view is bisected vertically by the Eiffel Tower and horizontally by a broad canal-like section of the Seine. Across the Seine, at the end of the Bridge of Jéna, are the palaces of navigation and the fisheries and forestry pavilions. Beyond the Eiffel Tower in the Champ de Mars are the vastest buildings of the Exposition, and far away upon the right is the Big Wheel of Paris.

Beyond the wheel lies the Swiss Village. Let us go thither at once lest amid the multiplicity of things to do we

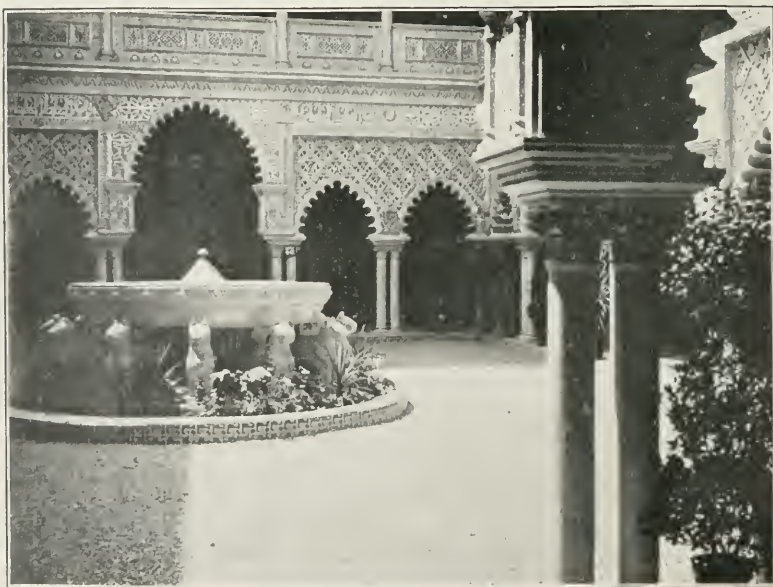


FRENCH INDIES



ANDALUSIA IN THE TIME OF THE MOORS

omit a visit to this remote and interesting valley. William Tell's Chapel, in replica, stands on the shore of a tiny lake



THE LIONS OF THE ALHAMBRA



KING BOARDIL'S CAVALIERS



THE GIRALDA

Luzerne, which mirrors dizzy cliffs of artificial rock. Steep mountain-trails wind up to châteaux perched on the verge of awful precipices, and lovely pastoral valleys nestle in the embrace of hills and ridges so deceptively realistic that we cannot believe that just beyond them lies, not another peaceful vale, but a wilderness of tenements and factories. Es-



WHERE CASTANETS RESOUND

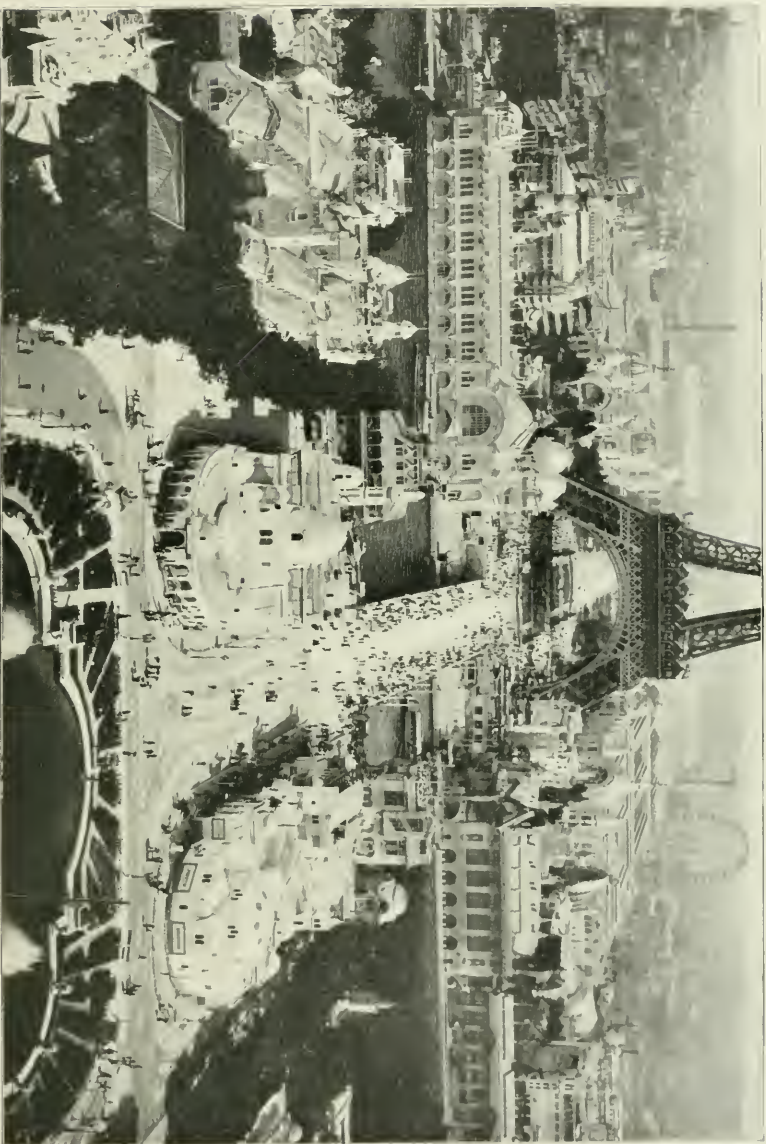


CASCADES OF THE TROCADÉRO

caping the watchful eye of the policeman, we climb the fence and wander up this tempting valley, and then, turning,



SUNDAY AFTERNOON



THE TROCADERO GARDENS AND THE CHAMP DE MARS



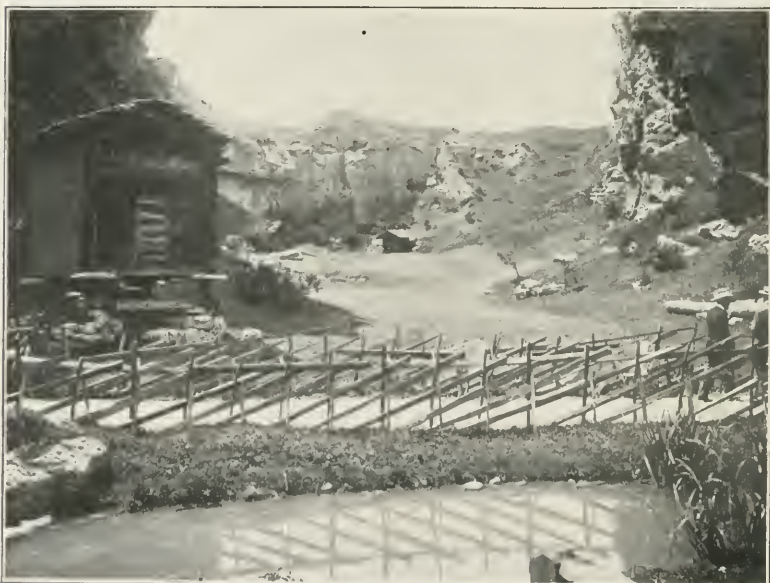
THE BIG WHEEL OF PARIS

we gaze up at the beetling crags, only to find beyond an Alpine range, a startlingly substantial "rainbow" formed by the periphery of the Big Wheel. After listening to the yodler, who is answered by a Swiss horn from the hills, let us go soaring away above the peaks of Switzerland in one of the swinging cars of the *Grande Roue de Paris*, a brother to the Ferris Wheel that once loomed above Chicago.



IN THE SWISS VILLAGE

Returning to the Exposition proper, we find the Bridge of Jéna thronged by the Sunday crowds ; for Sunday was the



PEACEFUL VALES

great day for the Paris populace. During the week the average attendance was about 150,000 a day ; on Sundays half a million people usually passed the gates, and spent the day in elbowing their way along the esplanades, squeezing through the congested aisles in all the buildings, and finally closed their restful outing with a long, frantic struggle to get aboard an omnibus-boat on the Seine. At six in the afternoon, the



WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL

crowded pontoons were black with impatient, tired, sight-seers. But on Sundays there was always room in all the places where admission-fees were charged, for the Sunday public was not lavish with its money. The frugal folk even hesitate to sit down on the yellow chairs set temptingly about, for they who sit, be it but for a second, are liable to a tax of two cents, which is collected promptly by seedy



THE TROCADÉRO

old women in black. These women would make wonderful detectives; they seem to know by instinct when any one sits down within a radius of half a block. On the back of every chair is the name of the firm controlling the concession. It is "*Allez Frères*," surely an unfortunate title for a firm whose only desire is that people should stop going and sit down, for *Allez Frères*, translated literally, is a fraternal command to move on: "Go, Brothers!"



ENTRANCE FROM THE TROCADERO



THE RIGHT ARM OF THE TROCADERO

We stop a moment to observe the *Palais de la Femme*. It is daintily feminine in style, but not in intent or scope a duplication of the Woman's Building at Chicago. It is a side-show to which we pay admission, instead of a serious expression of the progress of the modern woman. Another dainty structure close at hand is a tiny domed pavilion of the

"Société Générale," a banking enterprise which assumed the complex responsibilities of handling the gate receipts, not only of the Exposition, but also of the minor shows and attractions. Its uniformed officials collect the cash at every turnstile. It is the financial heart of the Exposition, the organ which keeps the golden blood in circulation. Next door, the castle of the tiniest



FROM THE TOP OF THE TROCADERO



SHUT IN BY TOWERING CRAGS

republic in the world rears its proud battlements ; for the independent state of San Marino, a free state in the heart of



A CLIFF OF STAFF

monarchic Italy, thus reminds the world of its existence. There are so many curious attractions assembled in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower that when beneath that great spire we scarcely know which way to turn. Towers and pinnacles and domes of the most varied and fantastic shapes rise in this exotic garden of architectural growths. There are the pointed red and yellow spires of the Siamese palace, the curious façade and the dull-red Japanese pagoda of the attraction called the *Tour du Monde*. Particularly pleasing to the traveler is this panorama of the Tour Around the World. The exterior of the elaborate structure suggests the joys of Oriental travel. The pagoda and the entrance-gate carved in Japan bear the stamp of genuineness. It remained for this money-making enterprise to introduce into Paris the only worthy examples of the architecture of Japan. Within the building we find a huge elliptical panorama, where from a single point of view the traveler sees a series of the most charming views that greet him as



ARTIFICIAL ALPS

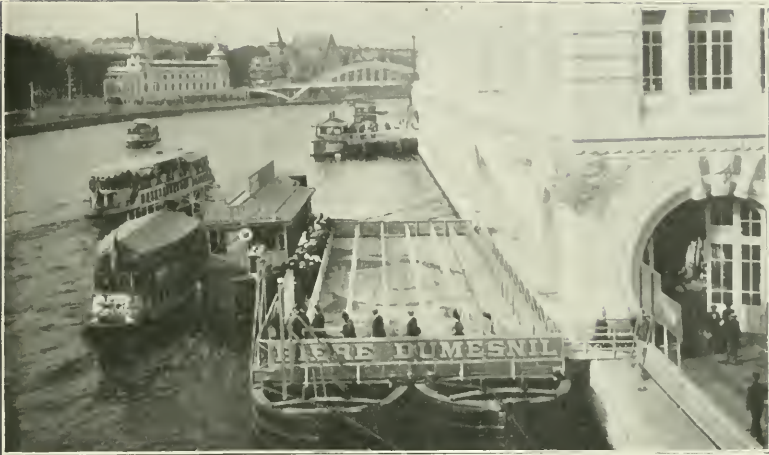


ON THE BRIDGE OF JENA

he goes around the world. From the Acropolis the eye wanders to Constantinople, thence passes by Jerusalem to



THE PONT D' JENA



A PONTON AT FIVE O'CLOCK

the Suez Canal, and so on to the farthest east, the eye being led from land to land without a shock. The vistas merge into one another as naturally as do the real objects in the foreground merge into the painted scene behind. A novel feature is the introduction of living people in the foreground. For example, between us and the section of the



A PONTON AT SIX O'CLOCK



SUNDAY CROWDS



THE CHAIRS OF ALLEZ FRERES



THE PALACE OF THE WOMAN

painting where Fujiyama rises, there is a Japanese tea-house as real as it is dainty, peopled by a dozen geishas from Tokio, dressed in the fabrics of Japan. The very atmosphere of Dai Nippon is there—the home, the garden, the people, and the distant view are purely Japanese. There is nothing in the composition that is not truthful and satisfying to the lover of Japan.

Another fragment of a land I love was found in the Moorish section; a gate and



TURRETS AND TOWERS



SAN MARINO

minaret from old Tangier, a narrow street of tiny shops, a



EXOTIC ARCHITECTURAL GROWTHS

bench where Moorish coffee may be drunk amid the babel of loud cries in Arabic, and in the bazaar a cool place of rest, where we discover two fine old Moorish merchants. We cannot refrain from telling them that we are among the few who have traveled into Morocco, who know the gardens and the streets of their sacred city, Fez. Then follows a long conversation, in the course of



FROM MANY LANDS



A PEACEFUL VISTA

which we learn the most unwelcome news, that our old guide, the irrepressible and loyal friend of our Moorish wanderings, Haj Abd-er-Rahman Salama, will never lead another caravan across the roadless plains, for last year he set out on his eternal pilgrimage.

Among the startling novelties at the Exposition, perhaps the most ambitious was the *Palais Lumineux*, a fantastic palace, made of opalescent glass, within which the arts of diamond-cutting and glass-blowing were practiced. By day



THE ARCH OF THE TOWER

the palace seemed to drink in light through its translucent, tinted walls, until at nightfall, saturated with luminous rays, it gave them forth again to make the darkness beautiful. It then appeared like an enchanted castle of the King of Fireflies. The brilliant incandescent marvel mirrors itself in a



CARVED IN JAPAN



A FRAGMENT OF REAL JAPAN

small lake upon the other shore of which is the very delightful restaurant of the *Pavilion Bleu*, with terraces and balconies, which at night are bathed in a golden glare. Beyond, framed by the arch of the great Tower, is the

much-advertised Optical Palace. Fortunately the word "optical" suggests the word "delusion" and relieves me from the necessity of using it. Externally it was rich in promises of interesting scientific revelations, but nothing seemed to work—from the largest telescope in the world, which was not in operation, down to the luminous tubes, which failed to glow. The one success of the establishment was a long gallery lined with a score of curved mirrors, in which spectators saw themselves distorted in a score of laugh-provoking ways. Whenever we felt blue, we had but to take a turn with the roaring crowd up and down that merry gallery, and there indulge in comical reflections.

As an economy of time, we will survey this section from the Eiffel Tower. We see below the long gallery that shelters the great telescope, so large



A FANTASTIC CORNER



MOROCCO

that it cannot be pointed toward the heavens, but lies pros-



FROM OLD TANGIER

trate like a cannon of mammoth proportions, a huge mirror being used to throw the reflections of the moon and stars into the horizontal tube. Across the Avenue Suffren we see the tracks of the Terminal Stations, to the left the Caïro Street, to the right the Celestial Globe. On the right, just below the globe, is the success-



ECUADOR

ful Mareorama, where we experience the illusion of a trip by sea from Villefranche to Constantinople; next to it on the left is a panorama of Algiers, and still farther to the left a tiny reproduction of Venice, a rash attempt to crowd into narrow space everything of interest in Venice from St. Mark's Cathedral to the Grand Canal. Let us drop into this mimic "City of the Doges." Marvelously deceptive at first glance



THE PALACE OF OPTICS

is the mass of reproduced detail; we recognize a corner of the Ducal Palace, the mosaics, and the bronze horses of San Marco. It is only when we descend to the Piazzetta, and, standing by the column of the winged lion, gaze toward the island of St. George painted on a canvas, twenty feet away, that we realize the complete absurdity of this attempt to apply tight-lacing to the Queen of the Adriatic.



THE EXPOSITION TERMINAL STATION

Once more let us employ the Eiffel Tower as our photographic tripod. We find it convenient; for although cameras are admitted free, there is a tax of five dollars daily for the use of tripods in the grounds. A curious photographic map of the section round the base of the tower was made by pointing the camera directly toward the center of the earth. The vista of the Champ de Mars from the summit, about 1,000 feet above the earth, is curious, if not inspiring. A long expanse of grass and gravel stretches between the two extensive lateral palaces, and terminates at the monumental

Château d' Eau or the Water Castle, beyond which we see the roof of a tremendous building left over from the Exposition of 1889. The Military School beyond looks like a barrack for toy-soldiers.

Although we may speak of the Palaces of Agriculture, of Mining, and of Electricity, they are in reality sections of one vast palace in the form of a gigantic letter E. Far more attractive is the

same view from a lower story of the tower. The long fa-



THE COLUMN OF THE WINGED LION



A FRAGMENT OF SAN MARCOS

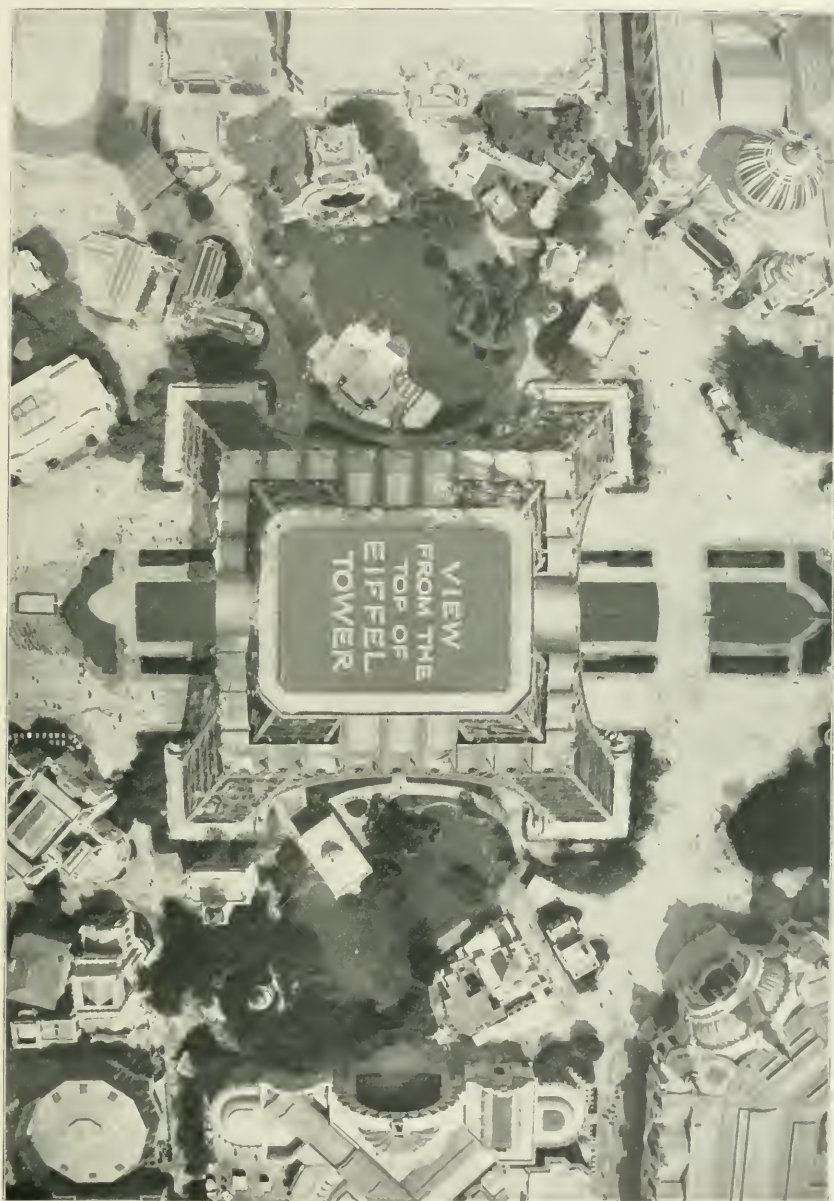
çades of the great buildings assume truer proportions. The fountain begins to assert its magnitude and dignity, and crowns itself with a colossal diadem of filigree upon which the star of light is balanced like a glittering gem, waiting the evening touch of electric rays ; and the chimneys show their unrivaled altitude.

To study these things at closer range, let us descend to earth in one of the big elevators that glide amid the metal network of the Eiffel Tower. Near the "left hind leg" of the tower stands the entrance to the Palace of Arts, Letters, and Sciences. It illustrates the modern tendency of Gallic architects away from the dignified and beautiful toward the fussy and the frivolous. Masses of delightful detail are



UNDER THE TOWER

lavished on these portals, which are best described as bubble buildings blown for a day. The pendant to this portal is at the angle of the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy. The same seeking after queer, extravagant effects is manifested here. But although our artistic digestion is almost ruined by this overdose of architectural pastry, our palates are continually tickled by new flavors, and we continue to nibble at this pretty but unwholesome gingerbread. Another tempting bite is offered by a slice of decorated layer-cake. It is the



entrance to the Transportation Building. Appropriately the interminable balconies under the high arcades are occupied by restaurants, and on the ground floor there are miles of café tables. Behind us is the entrance to the hall of silks and gowns, in which the art of the weavers of Lyons and the art of the dress-makers of the Rue de la Paix are gloriously represented. The various gowns displayed are indescribably artistic, sinfully costly, and almost too



FUSSY AND FRIVOLOUS



MINES AND METALLURGY



"BUBBLE BUILDINGS BLOWN FOR A DAY"

beautiful to wear, but I dare not let you enter, gowns are too absorbing to ladies—we should not be permitted to resume our promenade. Moreover, man should not attempt to talk of dresses, and mere photographs could not do justice to the



ARTS, LETTERS, AND SCIENCES

vestments of the waxen goddesses, confined in the glass cases of Félix, Worth, Paquin, and other masters of the daintiest and most ephemeral of arts.

Therefore we must drown our disappointment in the Agricultural Palace, where the Temple of Champagne offers unusual facilities for submerging sorrows in the



TRANSPORTATION

sparkling vintage of the Province of the Grape *par excellence*. It may be suspected that the architect of this hilarious pavilion subsisted on the produce of the vine while working out the details of his plan. On the main floor and balcony are grapevines and arbors and plaster figures of sturdy, hard-working peasants ; these typify the cause. High above are popping corks, brimming glasses, and a plastic saturnalia, all of which illustrates with fearful vividness the inevitable effect. So, fleeing from temptation, let us embark upon a mediæval caravel, a reproduction of the vessel that imported to France from the Indies the



INTERMINABLE GALLERIES



SILKS AND GOWNS

first samples of cocoa, and thus gave rise to the growing chocolate industry.

The greater part of the agricultural section is dedicated to the bibulous god, Bacchus. Every vine-producing region has erected here a replica of some château or castle, the



A BACK-DOOR OF THE EXPOSITION

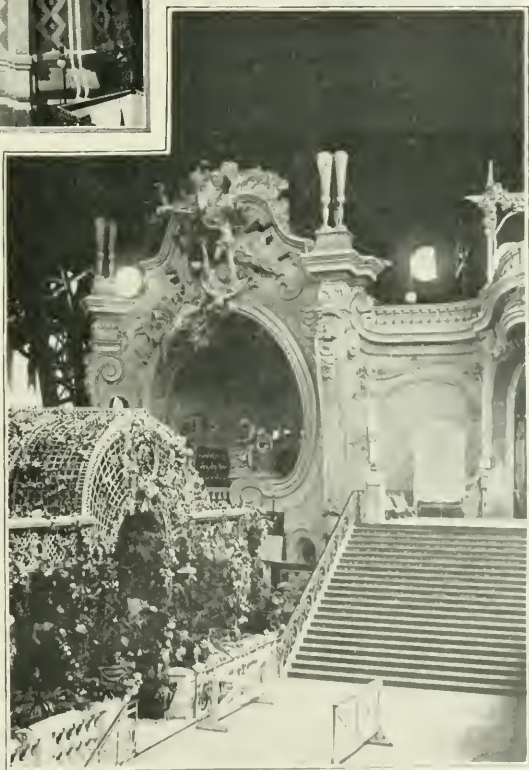


A MONUMENTAL CHIMNEY

and behind this aggregation of quaint structures, which we designate "Alcoholopolis," rise the façades of the enormous festal hall, the *Salle des Fêtes*, a marvelous triumph of the structural and decorative arts.

It is one of the marvels of the Exposition. A sky of glass hangs

name of which appears on every wine list in the world. We are at first surprised to learn that Burgundy, Bordeaux, Champagne, Médoc, Margaux, and Cognac are places, and not merely wines. We have never fully realized that there are people who actually live in Champagne, bathe in Bordeaux, and go to bed in Cognac. Beyond



CHAMPAGNE



DAIRY PRODUCE

over the wooden desert of a floor, so vast that we almost hesitate to venture out upon it. Four tribunes, broad as mountain slopes, rise in the four corners, and a stairway like a terraced glacier pours a flood of steps down through an intervening valley. The colors of the sunset and the sunrise glow in the pictured



AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL SECTION



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.

A STRUCTURAL MARVEL

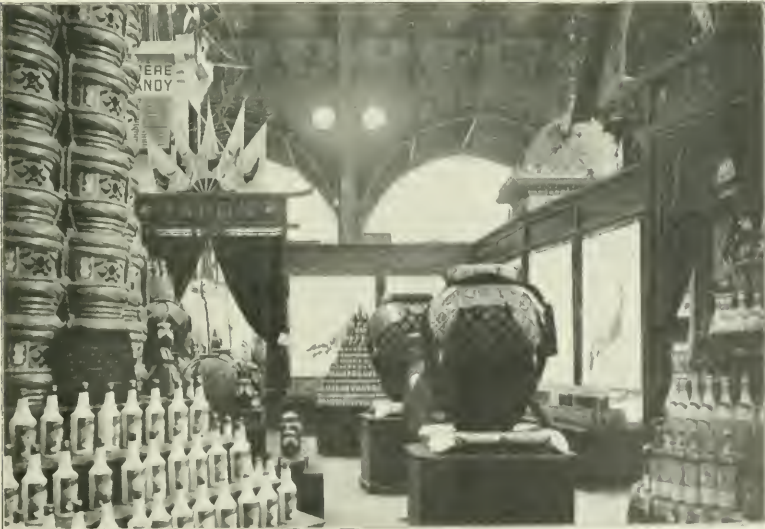


SPANISH AGRICULTURAL SECTION

skies of high-set mural decorations, and the glare of noon falls in a shaft of brilliance from the crystal zenith. There are statues and paintings sufficient to equip a gallery of art lost in the vastness of this *Salle de Fêtes*.

Mounting the monumental stairway, the visitor enters the Hall of Electrical illusions, fit throne-room for a fairy queen. The six surrounding arches, supported by translu-

cent, opalescent columns, serve as frames for six gigantic



JAPANESE AGRICULTURAL SECTION

mirrors, each reflecting the reflections of the other, until the illusion of measureless vastness holds the spectator spell-bound. Every second the colors change. Arches of smoldering blue flare out in fiery red ; the soft green of the columnus turns to golden yellow ; or the dim silvery glimmer of the festooned pearls suddenly bursts into a dazzling glare like that of molten metal. This is the signal for an explosion of luminosity that fairly stuns our optic nerves. It is as if a

universe of tiny noonday suns had suddenly enveloped us.

This magical apartment serves as a vestibule of honor to the *Salle de Fêtes*, on the



THE CHOCOLATE CARAVEL



"ALCOHOLOPOLIS"

occasion of official ceremonies, such as the Presentation of the Awards and Medals. On festival days troops line the broad avenue of the Champ de Mars, and present arms as statesmen, diplomats, princes, and presidents approach the entrance. No less than 20,000 spectators find seats within the *Salle de Fêtes* on these



THE HALL OF ILLUSIONS



AWAITING M. LOUBET

occasions ; other scores of thousands were kept at a respectful distance by a large contingent of the garrison of Paris.

The crowning architectural feature of the Champ de Mars is the *Château d' Eau* ; behind it rises the façade of the



LE CHÂTEAU D'EAU

Palais de l'Électricité, with its diadem of steel and glass, above which, balanced like the chief jewel of a tiara, gleams the Star of Electricity. The Palace of Electricity was the soul of the Exposition ; from it went forth along the myriad, endless nerves of wire the thrills that gave it life and light and motion. Yet without water there would be no steam, no power, and no electricity. The fountain, therefore, is not wholly ornamental ; the waters of the jets, cascades,



THE "WATER CASTLE"

and pools, flowing in such graceful wastefulness, will return to serve a serious utilitarian purpose in the boilers of the great machinery hall. At night multitudes gather in the Champ de Mars, awaiting the spectacle of the illumination of the "Water Palace" and the "Fire Palace." A sudden burst of brilliance and we behold the apotheosis of electricity. The terraced pools within the grotto are rimmed with lines of fire, over which flow cascades of liquid flame. The jew-

eled diadem stands out against the sky like a tiara of opals upon a background of black velvet. The Genius of Electricity, guiding her snowy horses, appears to have come rushing through the night, followed by an incandescent star, until, smitten by a shaft of white light shot from the Eiffel Tower's top, she has reined in her rearing steeds, and, with her attendant planet, alighted on the crest of this colossal



ORNATE DETAILS



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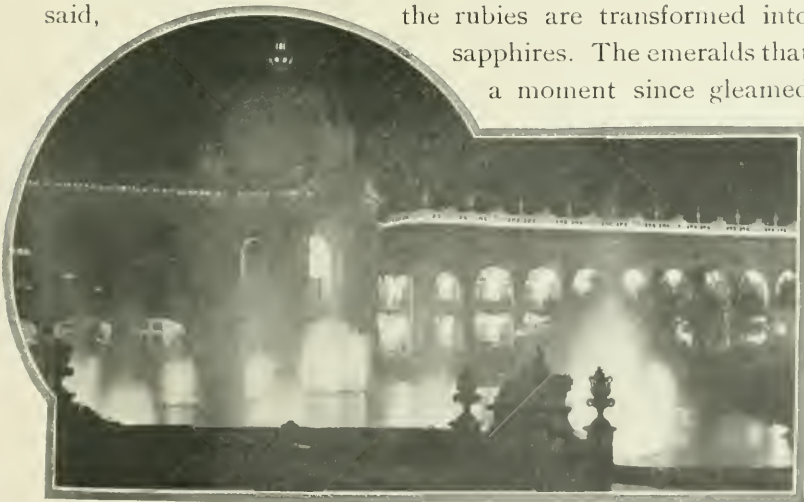
THE CROWNING FEATURE OF THE CHAMP DE MARS



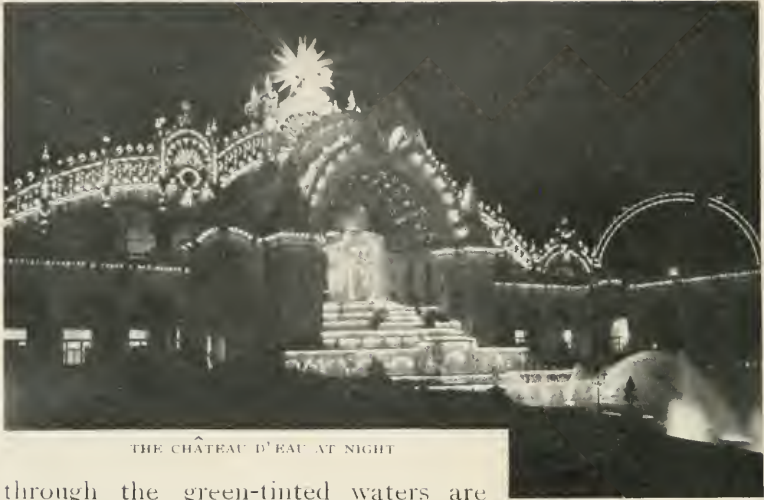
CASCADES AND JETS

coronet of fire. But no words can describe these changing lights and pulsing waves of color. We say that the crown is brilliant with the glare of rubies ; and, ere the words are said,

the rubies are transformed into sapphires. The emeralds that a moment since gleamed



TINTED FOUNTAINS



THE CHÂTEAU D'EAU AT NIGHT

through the green-tinted waters are become yellow diamonds or pinkish pearls.

But always and unvaryingly white as marble, the Electric Spirit rules her prancing steeds and holds the beacon star, like a fixed planet high above the chaotic riot of color. Meantime the rainbows, arching in the spray, play Beethoven symphonies; in the grotto strong color masses build up Wagnerian themes; and, high above, the glowing



From photograph, copyright 1900, by Wm. H. Rau, Phila.
ARTIFICIAL GEYSERS

harps and lyres are touched by fiery fingers and give forth the dainty tripping melodies of Mozart. And the eye listens to this *color music*, finding in it a new sensation, a new pleasure, and a promise of an art for which as yet there is no name. But the art of color-music is not new, the western skies have practiced it for ages. The clouds and mists and the ether and the sunshine have played an evening color symphony at



THE EIFFEL CONSTELLATION AND A TRI-TAILED COMET

the close of every day since the old earth was born. The crowds, however, like children, prefer the artificial to the real. Spectators, who have looked unmoved upon the glories of the western skies, turn, with ecstatic admiration, to those chromatic harmonies, waked by the magical musician of the future, — Electricity !

We stand upon the threshold of the Age of Electricity — the Age of Light.

The Universal Exposition of Paris commemorates the close of the nineteenth century, the Age of Steam. And as we look by night upon the Wonder-City of 1900, we see the Eiffel Tower, ablaze with electrical incandescence, pointing like a prophetic finger toward a radiant future — a future in which the Light of Science and the Light of Knowledge shall be universal — a future which shall have no darkness upon the earth, nor shadows in the lives of men.



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